

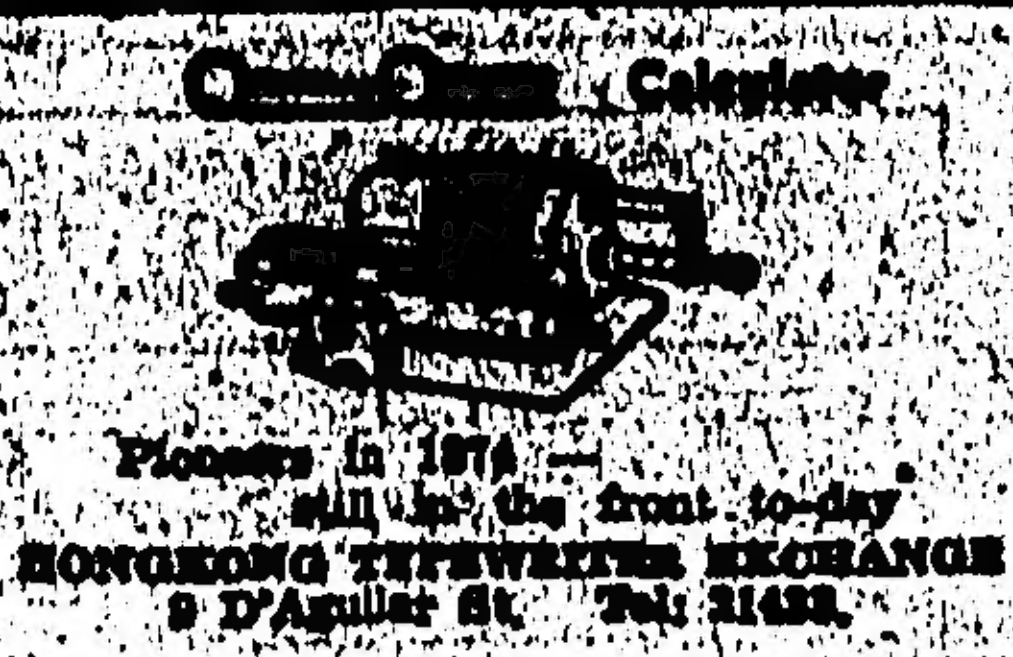


CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1954

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

NEWS FROM BLACKPOOL

CHURCHILL NOT RESIGNING YET

Ascendant Star

Mr Anthony Eden has been kind to take the microphone at the Blackpool conference of the Conservative Party on Thursday. He assured of tumultuous applause had he only given his supporters one of his broad, frank smiles. For Mr Eden holds a special place in their hearts—he is almost as popular as Sir Winston himself and his popularity is growing as the Prime Minister withdraws more and more into the background of public life. The guiding hand of the old master can still be seen but the party's hero is one who is the epitome of all that is refined and noble in the great Conservative tradition. His vigour, his determination and his easy charm are admired by all. Even the disapproval that some felt over his second marriage last year has been quietly forgotten. He is the ever-rising star who is being groomed for the highest honours. At Blackpool he met the Tory delegates, crowned with the triumphs of Geneva, Trieste and the recent London conference. The applause was, as we said, assured anyway, but the timely intervention of the Soviet Foreign Minister and his new attempt to shake the foundations of the young Western European family gave Mr Eden the cue for a fighting, spirited defence of the ideal that has been the keystone of Conservative policy since 1950 and a deep personal conviction of his own which he has cherished throughout the anxious post-war years. It is a measure of the esteem in which Mr Eden is held by the party that he is now the most popular man in the country. His strength in the Cabinet is something to be reckoned with. The British contribution of troops to Europe, the agreement with Egypt to leave Suez—these are but two of his personal triumphs—in the first case reflected in the Cabinet, in the second case against the die-hard who cling nostalgically to a somewhat Victorian concept of Empire. The Conservative conference may contribute little to the party's existing platform, it is sure to be drab and unspectacular in comparison with the Scarborough conference of the Socialists last month. Their resolutions may be congratulatory and un-critical, but at least they reflect the overwhelming satisfaction of the party with the administration of the country.

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:
P. 5: "What Happened to Sir John Franklin's Ship," by John Arlott. This is the third article in the new series, "World's Strangest Stories." It tells the story of the Arctic expedition in 1845.
P. 6: Honour At Stake (No. 7) by Edgar Lustgarten. How Henry IV tried to frame Queen Caroline and sued unsuccessfully for divorce and of the witness whose perfect memory was shaken. Tony Motia, China Mail feature writer, takes you on a visit of the children's wards at Leichlin hospital; Chapman, Fincher, condemnations drivers.
P. 7: George Whiting ends his "Kings of the Ring" series. His final article spotlighting Gene Tunney, "Scribbler"—analyzing handwriting—this week deals with books and endings.
P. 8: Our New serial—"Sequel to the Story"—starts. Michael Cronin begins this fascinating story.
P. 14: The second prize essay in the Side-By-Side Club contest and book review.
P. 17: Stan McCabe's articles on why Australia should win the forthcoming test series.

Yugoslavia Not Rejoining Cominform

Belgrade, Oct. 8. Yugoslavia is through with the Cominform for good and will never consider rejoining it, an official spokesman declared today.
The Foreign Secretary, Branko Draskovic, made the statement in connection with a discussion on the meaning of Marshal Tito's recent statement that Yugoslavia was prepared to enter into some "political co-operation" with Russia and other Cominform countries.
Draskovic said it was "normal to expect" that Yugoslavia would from time to time exchange views on subjects of general interest in the same way that the United States has been talking with the USSR on the peaceful use of atomic energy, although until recently it was "unthinkable" that the Cominform countries would have been willing to do so with Yugoslavia.—United Press.

His Advisers Want Him To Stay Premier

Blackpool, Oct. 8. Sir Winston Churchill will not resign as Premier in the immediate future, the Daily Express Political Correspondent, Derek Marks, reported tonight.
He said: "That is the good news trickling out to the Tories tonight now that Sir Winston is installed in his hotel suite at Blackpool."
Tomorrow afternoon the Premier will wind up the Conservative Party Conference by addressing a mass meeting presided over by the Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden.

Leading Tories expect his speech will show both in content and in manner of its delivery why Sir Winston is remaining in office for some time. For the "Old Gentleman" is reported to be fighting fit.
But is it not just his personal idea that he should carry on? There is a growing feeling among some of his top advisers that his departure from active political leadership would gravely weaken the Conservative party.

This anxiety contrasts with feelings expressed quietly during last year's conference. Then there was some muttering that the time had come for a change. There has been none this year and next week when the Cabinet reshuffle is expected the Tory Aes will stay at top of the pack.
Sir Winston Churchill received a warmly affectionate welcome from his supporters when he arrived last night. He was widely believed to be recovering from a nervous illness, what he said at the last conference. This was that he would like to continue in office while his health continued, feeling that he still had some contribution to make to the world.
If he intends to continue he may carry out a long predicted Cabinet reshuffle, fairly soon.
(SEE TODAY'S COMMENT)

Informal conference quarters nevertheless assume in advance that he will give no direct information when he intends to retire and hand over to his deputy Mr Anthony Eden.
The Foreign Secretary has occupied the star role at the present conference both as the "neir apparent" to the premiership and the dominating figure of the recent nine-power on Germany's future.
His ovations here this week have been exceeded in enthusiasm only by those reserved for the veteran Churchill himself.
There is non-stop conference speculation on when Mr Eden will relinquish the Foreign

Daring Decision By The Queen

London, Oct. 8. A daring decision which will revolutionize Court protocol was taken by the Queen today when she decreed that divorces will be allowed into the Royal enclosure at Ascot next June.
However, the Lord Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, has added that a special guest of the enclosure will be exclusively reserved for the Queen and her guests and here the old rule banning divorces will still apply.
—France-Press.

Siamese Twins Separated

Paris, Oct. 8. Officials at the St. Vincent de Paul Hospital here said today that a successful operation had taken place to separate Siamese twins.
The infants, Michèle and Nadège Auburn, were born on Tuesday and the operation was performed the next day. The twins were joined at the abdomen and shared a common liver and intestines.
The excellent health of the babies at birth prompted the doctor's decision to operate immediately in an attempt to enable the girls to grow up normally.
One of the twins was reported doing well today but doctors were working to save the other's life.—United Press.

Red Flags In Hanoi

Vietminh Ready To Take Over

Salon, Oct. 8. Vietminh flags appeared on the streets in Hanoi today on the eve of the complete French evacuation of the richest city of Northern Indo-China.

Vietminh troops in new khaki uniforms are already massed in Hanoi suburbs ready to take over the city under the terms of the Indo-China Armistice Agreement signed last July.
There were cries of "Long Live the Popular Army" and "Long Live Ho" Vietminh leader. Ho Chi Minh, as the first units of the 308th Vietminh division paraded in suburban streets.
Vietminh civil servants took over the Town Hall today and 300 Vietminh military police patrolled the streets.

French Scandal

Paris, Oct. 8. Counter-espionage agents today hunted for a mysterious "third man" suspected of betraying national defence secrets to the Communist Party, as the investigation of the scandal that has shaken the foundations of the French administration assumed the character of a thriller movie.
Major Bernard-Pierre de Resnais, president of the military tribunal probing the transmission of National Defence Council reports, questioned some of France's top military men today, including Marshal Alphonse Juin, in an attempt to track down another leak uncovered so far.
Two high civil servants in the National Defence Secretariat, Rene Turpin and Roger Lebrun, have already admitted they passed Council reports to Andre Baranes, police informer and Communist agent.
But the documents in Baranes' possession, indicated he had access to even more information than these two officials gave him. It is the third source the authorities are attempting to locate.—United Press.

Frost In Southern England

London, Oct. 8. Ground frost covered most of Southern England this morning after a bright cold night that was just above freezing point.
North Sea gales died down and ships sheltering along the east coast were able to move on again.—China Mail Special.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier" RACE 1
Laddie V.P. Ben Lowers
Outsider: Fox Hunter
RACE 2
Royal Command
Invincible Silver Dahila
Outsider: Boyne
RACE 3
Babie Golden Crown
Fleety
Outsider: Ben Lomond
RACE 4
Mak Slicer Possibility II
Pot o' Gold
Outsider: King A
RACE 5
United Fortune
Trio
Shiraz
Outsider: Peachums
RACE 6
Free Success
Advancement
Blazing
Outsider: Congratulation
RACE 7
Eudora
Creser
Mustang
Outsider: Golden Dahila
RACE 8
Eagle King
New Jersey
Toll-me-more
Outsider: Tip Top
RACE 9
Apple Pie
Beautiful Star
First Edition
Outsider: Ambition

By "The Turf" RACE 1
Laddie V.P. Ben Lowers
Outsider: Honey Dew
RACE 2
Royal Command
Invincible Silver Dahila
No Regrets
Outsider: Red Feather
RACE 3
Jingle Bell (if started)
Fleety
Avenger
Outsider: Babie
RACE 4
Possibility II
Mak Slicer
Fieldmaster
Outsider: King A
RACE 5
United Fortune
Barometer
Trio
Outsider: Shiraz
RACE 6
Free Success
Vat Kwong
Congratulation
Outsider: Can Do
RACE 7
Golden Dahila
Hellsopplin
Outsider: Caesar
RACE 8
New Jersey
Toll-me-more
Mustang
Outsider: Tip Top
RACE 9
Cinderella
First Edition
Winning Rush
Outsider: Diamond Dahila

Italy, Yugoslavia Approve Trieste Pact

London, Oct. 8. Both Italy and Yugoslavia approved the Trieste agreement tonight.
The Italian Government won a Senate confidence vote on the agreement.
On a confidence vote, the Senate accorded Premier Mario Scelba's Coalition Government its biggest majority since it was formed eight months ago. 122 senators voted for the Government and 89 against. There was one abstention.
Socialists and neo-Fascists opposed the Government.
The 14 monarchist Senators walked out of the Chamber before the vote declaring that they could vote neither against the return of Trieste to Italy nor for the loss of Zone B.
BELGRADE APPROVAL
In Belgrade, the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Yugoslav National Assembly approved the agreement.
In a modern, voted unanimously, the Commission recommended that the National Assembly approve the agreement and expressed the hope that the agreement would permit complete normal relations between Italy and Yugoslavia and the establishment of "good neighbour" relations between the two countries.—Reuter & France-Press.

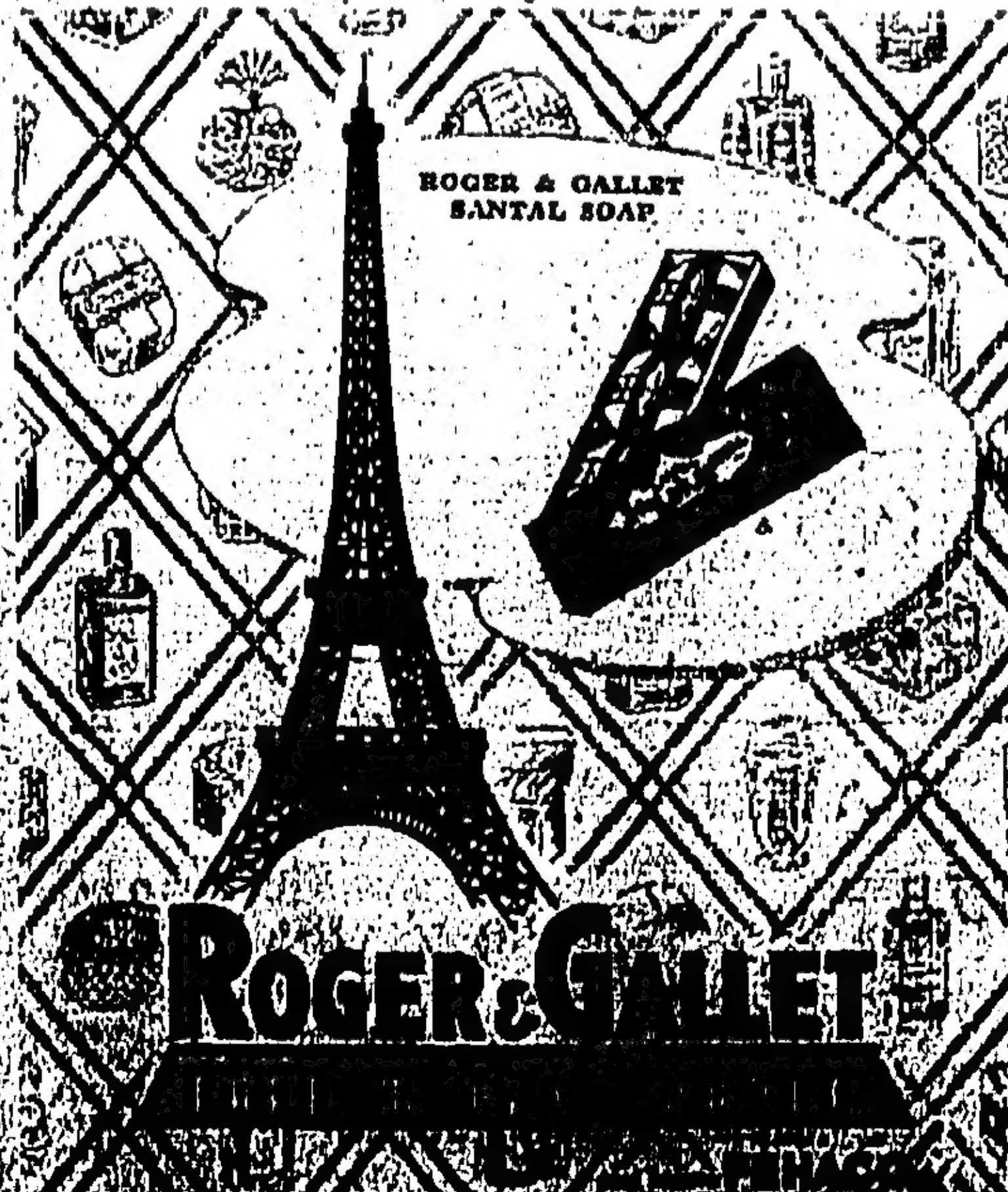
Vital French Vote On Tuesday

Paris, Oct. 8. The French Premier, M. Pierre Mendes-France told the National Assembly he will seek a vote of confidence on the motion expressing confidence in the Government's foreign policy.

The vote will be taken on Tuesday afternoon. French observers say that although there are still some dissatisfactions over the London conference decisions, the French Premier was likely to win the vote.
Earlier, M. Mendes-France defended the decision reached by the nine countries at the German rearmament conference in London last week, restoring Germany's civil sovereignty.
Replying to a two-day foreign affairs debate in the French Assembly, he said it was in the interests of everybody in the West that Germany should regain her independence, failing which there might develop an explosive situation.
ASSEMBLY SPEECH
In his speech to the Assembly after the dinner adjournment, M. Mendes-France dealt first of all with those who thought that Great Britain had not made a sufficient contribution under the terms of the London agreement.
He particularly criticized M. Paul Reynaud for having claimed yesterday that Britain's 50-year pledge was nothing new.

No. 1 Signal Goes Up

The No. 1 typhoon signal was hoisted at 8.15 this morning. The latest report from the Royal Observatory says that the centre of the typhoon was about 300 miles SSE of Hong Kong at 9 a.m. Typhoon Nancy will probably pass 200 miles to the south of Hong Kong late tonight. It will bring strong winds tonight and probably rain in the afternoon.
The following is the report from the Royal Observatory at 9 a.m.:
From weather report so far available, typhoon Nancy was still moving W or WNW at about 13 knots, and appeared to be centred about 300 miles SSE of Hong Kong at 9 a.m. today. Northerly winds gradually freshening and veering to NE, are forecast for today, becoming strong easterly tonight.
Rain will probably not in this afternoon. An R.A.F. aircraft early this morning to investigate the typhoon has reported that the edge of the rain area is now about 100 miles to the SE of Hong Kong.



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MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
M-G-M presents in Technicolor!

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"THE STORY OF THREE LOVES"

Starring James Mason,
Leslie Caron, Pierre Angeli,
Kirk Douglas and
Farley Granger

MONDAY

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Janet Leigh and
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KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

★ TO-MORROW ★



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2nd WEEK!!

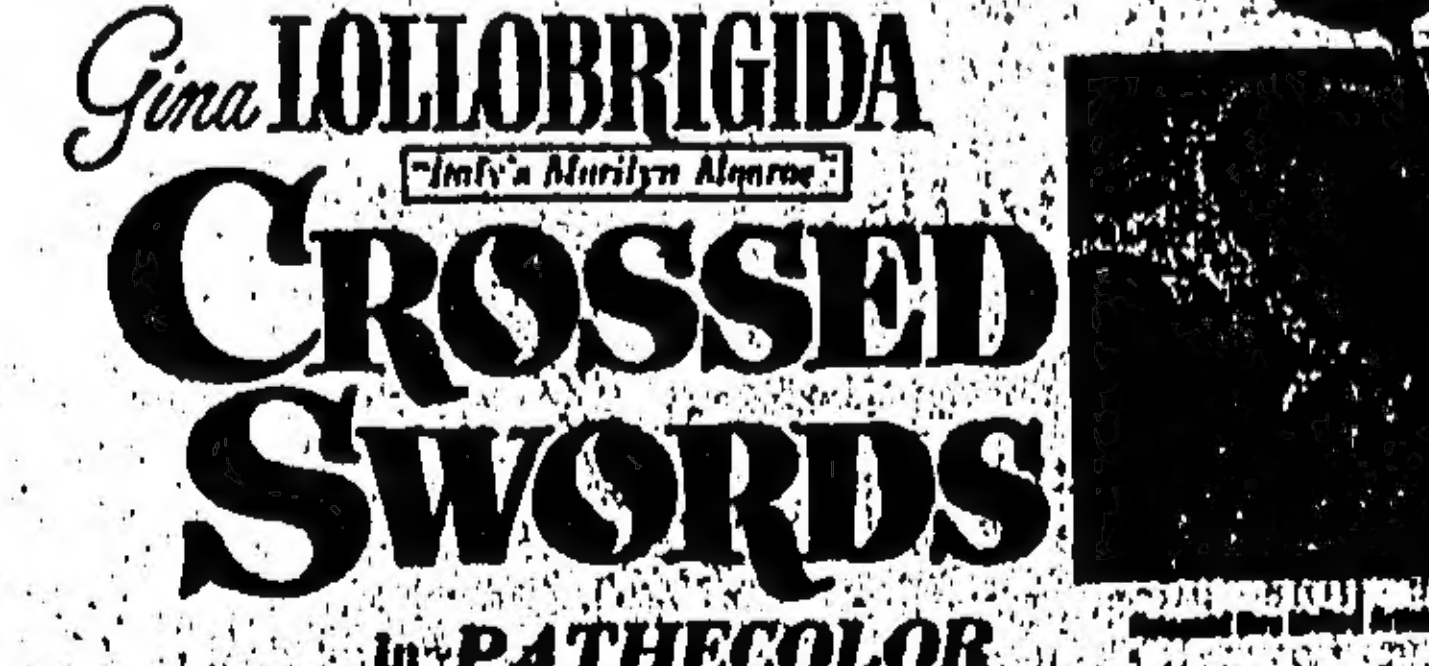
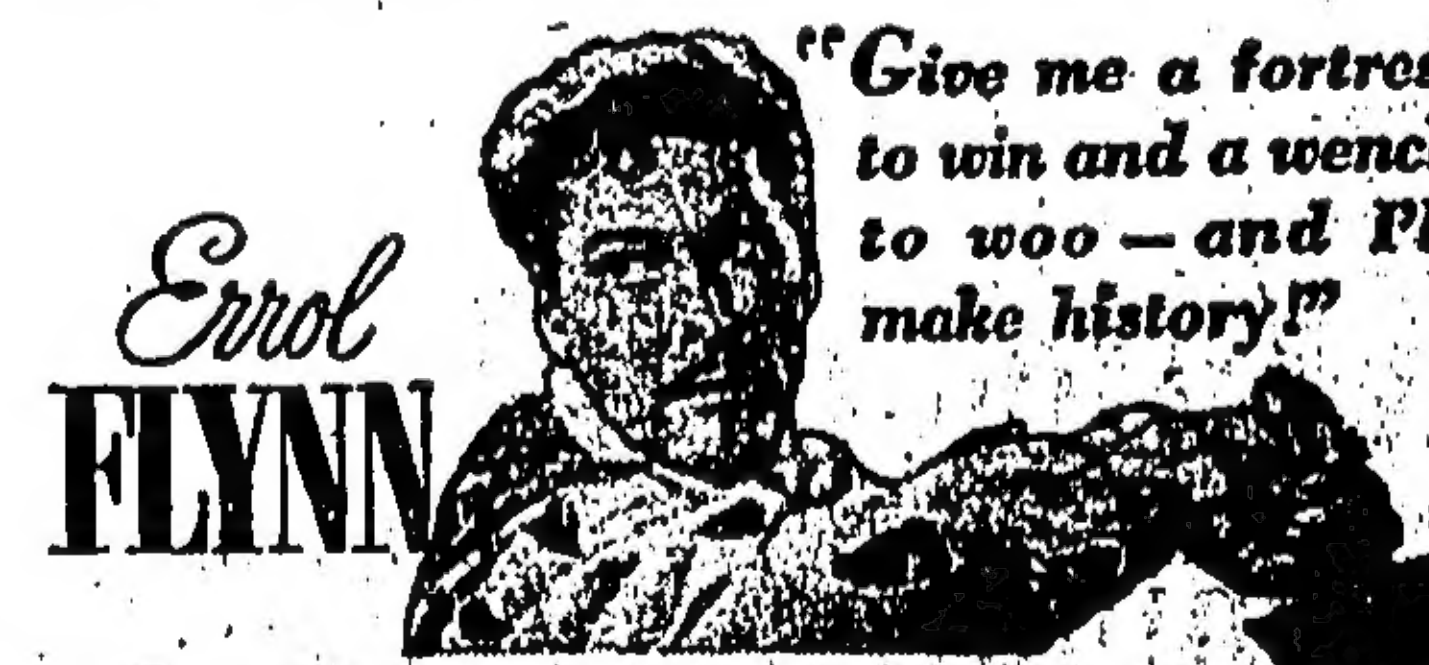
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FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

There's nothing very deep about the pictures on and coming (unless one of those excellent little pictures in mid-week without notifying us) — most of them dependent on old recipes for their plots. That's not necessarily against them, merely indicative that they're easy on the brain.

At the HOOVER there's the Errol Flynn swash-buckler "Crossed Swords" which will probably run for a week and be followed by "Sands of Iwojima."

The ROXY and BROADWAY feature a Mississippi river-boat tale called "The Gambler From Natchez," then from the same producer there's "Gorilla at Large."

"King Richard And The Crusaders" is at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA and they'll take "Seven Deadly Sins" after that.

The CAPITOL and LIBERTY continue with "Gone With the Wind." They'll be following it with "Executive Suite."

The KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE will start "Those Redheads From Seattle" tomorrow and then the first two will show a war picture, "China Venture."

"Magnificent Obsession" is at the LEE and GREAT WORLD, to be followed by "Creature From The Black Lagoon."

"Crossed Swords" is set in medieval Italy and anybody who likes historical swordplay and Gina Lollobrigida (I should mention that she's allowed three quarters of the billing, Errol Flynn and the film title being given full billing) will enjoy it.

So far, from the films in which I've seen her, Lollobrigida has fallen short in my humble estimation — of the fantastic claims advanced by her publicity managers. Yes — she's pretty, yes — she's got a good figure, but a world beater? We shall see.

"Crossed Swords" isn't meant to prove anything. I haven't seen it, but from the story it wasn't acting ability but a sense of humour that producer J. Barrett Mahon required from his cast.

Even the publicity says "In the tradition of great swash-buckling films of the past, 'Crossed Swords' was designed from beginning to end, as undiluted escapism in the grand manner — lavish, amusing, somewhat tongue-in-cheek, romantic and filled with action and excitement. This fantasy is given an air of authenticity by the realism of the setting in which it was filmed. The Flynn company actually rented an entire hillside village in southern Italy and turned it into a set.

In "The Gambler From Natchez" we have Dale Robertson avenging his father's death in a card game.

Father was just a bit of a South's gentleman who, though he was a professional gambler, wouldn't have cheated at cards to save his life, and when son Dale returns from the Civil War to find that everyone thinks his father's death was justified because one night he held more than the right number of aces he smells a rat.

The two girls interested in Dale Robertson are Debra Paget — a river boat captain's daughter — and an aristocratic southern belle played by Lisa Daniels.

Look out especially for Thomas Gomez.

"King Richard And The Crusaders" has the distinction of being partly in a language not often used on the screen — Gaelic. There's not much of it, it's true, but enough to indicate to us that the man who speaks it does so to emphasize his independence.

This is Laurence Harvey, playing the part of the Scottish knight, Sir Kenneth, who follows Richard the man and yet owes no allegiance to Richard, King of England.

If you remember your "Talisman" you'll recollect that he had the temerity to fall for the lovely Lady Edith, cousin of Richard. I should at this point mention that she is played by none other than Hollywood's Virginia Mayo.

Richard himself has an English accent — the particular swallowed vowels of George Sanders, while the great Saladin's reputation for Eastern gallantry is upheld by the delightful Rex Harrison, playing the part with his "King And I" intonation.

The other two main protagonists in this Third Crusade are the Kings of France and Austria. Two comic opera characters — these — the former being too effeminate for words and the latter a bibulous boaster.

It's a broad sweeping tale, as you may remember from your school days, and bright and colourful though the film is, it doesn't seem to have captured the feeling of limitless space of the book.

The Scot's duel with the leader of the Saracens appeared to take place in a prop desert rather than in the middle of the desolate Holy Land. This could easily have been corrected by more long shots; the CinemaScope camera is perfect for this sort of thing.

While we're talking of the camera, I was very impressed by the clearness of the images throughout the picture. In spite of all the river claims we don't always get an unblurred image on these immense CinemaScope screens (although I'm sure it's only a growing pain of the process) and "King Richard And The Crusaders" is one of the best I've yet seen.

OVERWORKED I didn't count the times that Richard "Never trust a Scot" but I feel that the rather challenging statement "was a little overworked," especially as the Scot in question was so loyal to his person that he left his own native land to fight for him.

In fact Richard showed very little insight into character although — though perhaps his *cœur de lion* made up for it in real life.

Certainly those two arch plotters, Conrad of Montferrat and Sir Gilles Amaury, with their double dealing and shady manoeuvring for position wouldn't have fooled a baby.

Undoubtedly the victor in the field of acting was Rex Harrison, and he appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself. What a pity they didn't make Lilli Palmer Lady Edith — then we'd really have seen some fun.

It's very hard to marry our present day concept of kingship with the earthy fellows of the 12th century. I suppose they did engage in personal combat with their knights — Malory's Lancelot and Guinevere is full of such exploits, but my respect for the Crown wanes when I see Richard the First of England cantering up the late-poking one of his subjects off his horse with a long pole — it's just not dignified.

YUKON MUSICAL

From the title and sound of "Those Redheads From Seattle" one would think it was a musical, pure and simple.

It has more to it than that, though. To start off with it has Agnes Moorehead in the cast and if for one would go a long way to see anything in which this excellent actress had even a walking part. Secondly, its set, surprisingly enough for a musical and doubly incongruously from the title, in the Yukon.

The redheads in question are the wife and four daughters of a newspaper publisher from Seattle. He's gone ahead to the snowy north to make the family's fortune, but unfortunately he's too straight for the rough characters who make their living up there and before his family can join him, he's murdered.

Already on their way, Agnes Moorehead and the girls know nothing of his fate until their arrival. Befriending them in their destitute state are Guy Mitchell and Gene Barry. I tell you that one of the daughters is Teresa Brewer and two others the Bell Sisters, you'll begin to see the musical angle.

Out of her usual South Seas background is Rhonda Fleming as the elder sister. Her fate is to be married with Gene Barry (the Mexican in "Red Garters"). There's quite a lot to this little musical — much more than in most and Guy Mitchell, though smaller than one would imagine, has a very pleasant screen personality.

TO THE LAST SOB I wish there was another way in pictures of warning us that there was a critical moment ahead than that of giving the heroine a "Moon in June" act, telling us that her husband is the most perfect man on earth, that she's only been married six months and that she's divinely happy.

We just know that when she and her step-daughter round the corner in their very loved husband is going to be found dead.

It doesn't matter to the story that we should be so patently forewarned, but when I find right in the beginning, that a film is bringing in such well worn tricks, I begin to suspect that I'm going to see some pretty obviously telegraphed situations ahead.

Luckily, in "Magnificent Obsession" the anticipated doesn't happen and we're left in suspense as to the final outcome until the very last sob — those of us who haven't seen the previous version, that is.

I could have dispensed with two repetitions, by a disembodied voice, of the crucial words of the picture (originally spoken by Otto Kruger). It seemed rather a crude way of indicating that the phrase "it will become a sort of obsession" was often in Rock Hudson's mind.

Briefly, the words are connected with the "do good in secret" philosophy practised by Jane Wyman's husband (a man we never see) and which they only discover to have been his religion after his death.

BUT WHY?

Although everybody liked and respected Dr. Wayne Phillips during his life, I couldn't quite see why such a mysterious

It's made the basis of the resurrection of the spoiled young man, Rock Hudson. But in spite of all the mumbo jumbo about his anonymous benefits to civilization being the crutch that helps him to become a decent person, it appeared far simpler than that to me.

At the beginning of the picture when, after being shipped at by the rich young scapegrace, his speed boat mechanic asks why he can't be more pleasant, the reply from a fellow worker is "he doesn't have to; he's got four million". This establishes his character for us and when he has an accident, through sheer determination to have his own way, nobody is surprised or sorry.

Of far more wide consequences than the accident would appear to have is the fact that a rescuer, which is always kept handy in Dr. Phillips' house, (he suffers from a disease that sometimes requires its instant application) is rushed to the lakeside to revive Hudson. The doctor chooses this moment to get the instrument, doesn't get it in time and dies.

The implications are obvious and it's the shock of discovering that his foolishness has caused the death of someone the whole community values more than him that starts the feet of Hudson on the road back. That and the fact that he falls lastingly in love with the doctor's widow in spite of being the cause of a second accident in which she's blinded.

TOO TRICKY

The combination of these occurrences, added to his sudden whim, induced by the revelation of his weaknesses, to return to his interrupted study of medicine, is really what puts this young man on his feet.

Not any "obsession" for doing good in secret — I'm afraid that part of it is too much like trick psychology to ring true; an attempt to find one single mainspring for the change in a person's character, instead of giving the credit to a gradual development, from adolescence to maturity.

My disagreement is with the idea behind the picture. With the performances of Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman and the new girl Barbara Rush, I have, no quarrel. Otto Kruger and Agnes Moorehead are also competent in their supporting roles.

Rock Hudson changes very convincingly from the young man whose outlook is summed up by his reply to his girl friend's request to slow down in the speed boat — "Take it easy? Where'd that get you?" Though his main functions appear to be to look handsome and make us sympathize with his film-long pursuit of Jane Wyman.

She's just the slightest fraction too sugary as the unfortunate widow bearing with fortitude all the blows of fate, but then, this picture is essentially a tear jerker, and we're meant both to like and feel sorry for the principals.

I wouldn't say this was entirely a woman's picture — it's a romance which should suit gentle people of both sexes.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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— QUEEN'S —

5 SHOWS SUNDAY & MONDAY

"King Richard & The Crusaders"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

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JAMES MASON in

"FIVE FINGERS"

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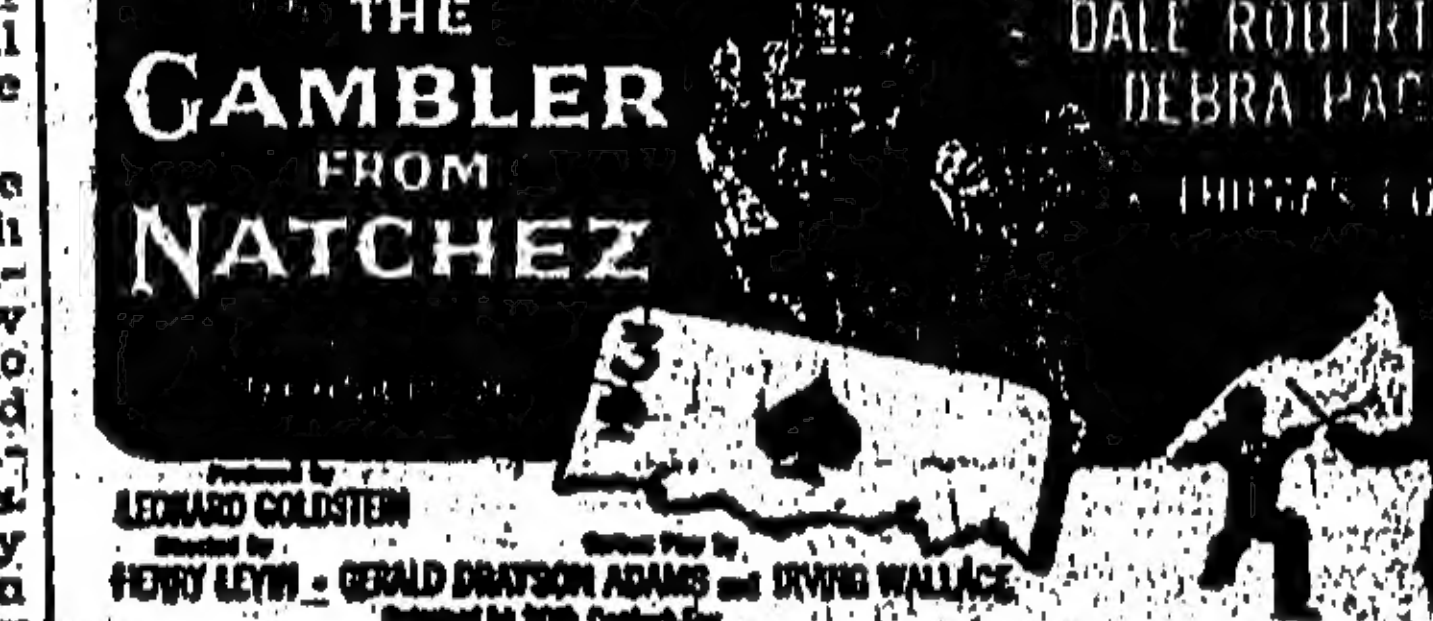
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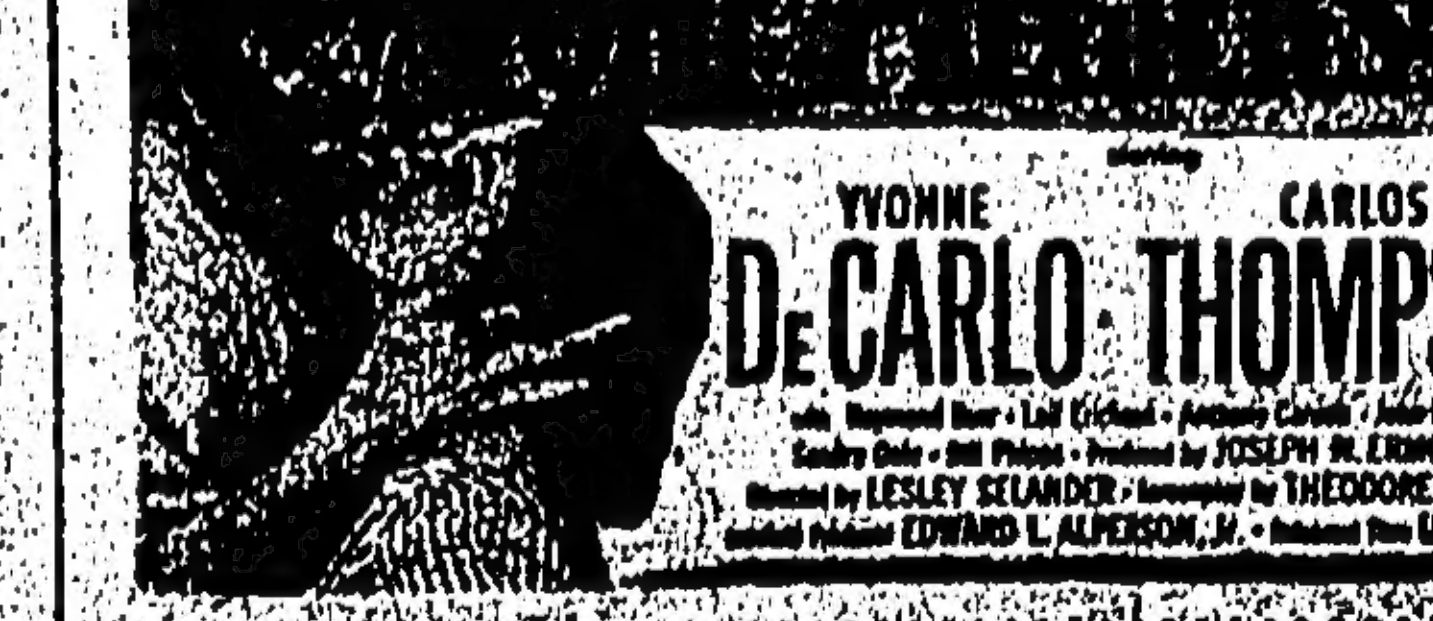
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FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY



TO-MORROW, "LUCKY ME"

CINEMASCOPE with PERSPECTA SOUND

KATK PLAY

A NEW STAGE COMEDY

"ESCAPADE"

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KATK PLAY

A NEW STAGE COMEDY

"ESCAPADE"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Where Electricity Sub-stations Look Like Luxury Homes

Washington. Some of the most beautiful homes in the capital cost a lot of money—but nobody lives in them.

How Sound Waves Make Cheese Age Quicker

Two scientists are working on a device to put the tang in cheddar cheese using sound instead of time.

The University of Wisconsin researchers have aimed ultrasonic waves at cheddar cheese and produced aged cheddar in one-half to one-third of the time needed by present methods of letting it age naturally.

Some who tasted "electronic" cheese said it is as good in texture, flavour and aroma as other aged cheddar.

Natural aging takes about a year. But when the bacteria is stimulated by sound waves above the range of the human ear, the same taste can be given cheddar in four to six months, the researchers said.

Experimental Stage
The progress is still in the stage of experiment. But a process patent has been sought in the name of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation which is supporting the study.

Some 850,000 pounds of cheddar are produced in the United States annually. It is expected that savings in inventory and warehousing costs would be tremendous if the sound wave process can be developed fully.

Mr. W. C. Winder, Professor of Dairy and Food Industry at the university, said a commercial machine to treat cheese this way on a large scale is at least three years away. He and his associate, Mr. John H. Nelson, were now primarily concerned with designing such a machine, which they estimated would cost about \$15,000.

Mr. Winder started in the

"electronic" cheese business with a \$100 was-surplus radio generator. Now he works with a custom-built generator which has been rebuilt several times at a cost of about \$5,000.

A small disk two inches in diameter is the business part of the machine. It changes the current from the generator into sound waves. Two pre-cooled cheese samples are placed in a holder with the disk between them. Then current is turned on. Sound waves at a frequency of 400 kilocycles per second are transmitted through-out the samples for about 30 seconds. The sound waves are just below the radio broadcasting frequency.

The cheese is then given regular storage and compared from time to time with naturally aged cheese from the same block.—United Press.

An 8-Year Old Surprised The Swimmers
Lisbon. Competitors in a two-mile Tagus River swimming race got a surprise to find Antonio Beasone Basto among the winners of the event. Apart from the fact that Antonio had not even been officially entered in the race, he is only eight-year-old. The race was for adults, but Antonio did the course in 58 minutes, well up among the leaders.—United Press.

The lawns are well-manicured, there are shrubs, flowers. In one neighbourhood, there is a pretty rambling house worth \$40,000. Each morning, there are bottles on the front steps painted white but containing no milk.

The homes were built by the Potomac Electric Power company to house suburban sub-stations and similar equipment to feed a stream of power to the surrounding community.

The locals call the homes "silent neighbours." Up to now there are 30 such homes and they are all beautiful—on the outside.

The people next door love their "neighbours," because there are no loud parties at night.

Salesmen Hate Them
The first of these "homes" was built in 1939 when the power company awoke to the fact that to stay abreast of the demand for electricity and to supply current it had to move into the exclusive sections.

Sub-stations then were not things of beauty. So some smart man told his manager, "we had better make our plans attractive." So the plants now are attractive and look like houses.

Instead of fancy baths, cute dining rooms, and a rumpus room in the basement, there are large transformers, mazes of high voltage wires, switches and condensers.

Foiled By Blinds
The homes are a bane to the existence of salesmen. Paper boys walk up and ring a phony bell in the pursuit of new business. Brush salesmen do the same.

These folks are fooled by the venetian blinds which are painted on the windows. When the need for a new sub-station presents itself, the electricity people search out a likely spot where it will do them the most good. They take pictures of the grounds. They also photograph the homes of their "neighbours." An architect designs a home that is something like the architectural appearance that is desired.

Around Christmas time, the trees on the lawns are fixed up with lights. Holly is put on the door.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Bill was promoted to head clerk last week—it's an executive position, but I still have to do the washing!"

He's Going To Drive 9,000 Miles Without Stopping

San Diego, California. Louis Mattar is driving non-stop between Alaska and Mexico City in what is probably the only car on the road with a built-in washing machine, showerbath and barbecue pit.

His 1947 Cadillac is also equipped with a Hookah pipe that pulls out of the dashboard, a seven-inch television screen and an ingenious hydraulic jack which, the inventor-motorist claims, permits him to change a flat tyre without stopping.

Mattar passed through his home town of San Diego. He didn't stop to see his friends. If he stopped the whole trip would be spoiled.

Mattar is a mechanic by trade. When he isn't tinkering with someone else's car he is installing some new gadget

in his own or making non-stop trips. His current three-county jaunt will take him 9,000 miles.

Before setting out with two pals who help with the driving Mattar arranged for refuelling at Edmonton, Atlanta, Reno, Nevada; San Diego and Laredo, Texas. Gasoline will be piped into his car's storage tanks from a moving auto.

Relax With TV
At meal-time during the trip one man jumps into the back seat, plugs in the electric barbecue and prepares the food. The washing machine handles the laundry and the "bath-room" includes a mirror and basin for shaving and a workable if not spacious shower.

The TV set is built into the back of the front seat so that between periods at the wheel Mattar and his companions can relax with a scotch and soda and watch a ball game. The scotch and soda comes from a built-in bar and is rationed strictly.

There is also a tape recorder that plays music if TV reception is bad. Mattar put together his free-wheeling hydraulic jack, so not even a flat could keep his trip from being non-stop. He is confident the car's engine will keep running throughout the 9,000-mile trip.

To avoid such interferences as red traffic lights and stop signs, he has arranged with Police Departments along the route to permit him at the outskirts of town and escort him to the other side. He also has arranged to make an on-the-run trip through customs stations and pick up food supplies without stopping.

"When I say non-stop I mean non-stop," he said before leaving home. "The wheels of the car won't stop turning."

Moscow Trip Plan

Mattar has made several non-stop trips before but the current one is the longest. His future plans are to drive non-stop from Moscow to London, then to New York, then to Washington and back to Moscow. He would then drive to the world's capital and back to his home town of San Diego.

He wants to show the world that a car can run non-stop for 9,000 miles without stopping. He is confident he can do it.

Golf Enthusiasts Built Their Own Course

Smith's Falls, Ontario. When the enterprising citizens of this community want a golf course they build it.

Right now they are in the process of finishing a nine-hole course and club house, almost entirely built by volunteers from among Smith's Falls residents who will be members of the club.

The golf enthusiasts of the town decided last year the best way to get the course was to "do it yourself."

With only a minimum of subscribed capital so far invested, the 3,200-yard course is nearly finished.

To be known as the Smith's Falls Golf and Country Club, the course is situated on Otter Creek, some two miles from town. It covers a 144-acre site and a stone building on the property is being converted into a club house. Members and their wives have provided the carpentry services and done the decorating.

BORROWED BULLDOZER
The course was laid out by Dick Green of the Cataract Gold Club of Kingston, Ontario. It was cleared and shaped by members, using a borrowed bulldozer and other equipment and they devoted their days off to the work.

The course will have a par of 36 for the nine holes; two par fives, two threes and the rest fours. On three holes, golfers will have to drive over Otter Creek.

Shares in the new club cost \$100 each and so far \$24,400 has been subscribed by 190 residents of Smith's Falls. This amount has been more than matched by the free labour and donations of equipment.—United Press.

EMPIRE

FINAL SHOWING TODAY

SUSPENSE! ATOM BOMB! INTRIGUE!



ALSO LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS!

FIRST MAN TO SWIM GOLDEN GATE UNDER WATER

SPECIAL MATINEES

SUNDAY, 10th OCT., AT 12.30 P.M.

ALAN LADD

"WHISPERING SMITH"

Color by Technicolor

MONDAY, 11th OCT., AT 12.30 P.M.

CLIFTON WEBB • BARBARA STANWYCK

"TITANIC"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

Ladies' & Gentlemen's

SHOES & BOOTS

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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PRINCESS

HOLIDAY EXTRA MORNING SHOWS

SUNDAY (To-morrow) At 11.00 a.m.

RKO — WALT DISNEY

Technicolor Cartoons Programme

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00

SUNDAY (To-morrow) At 12.20 p.m.

A Super Indian Musical Extravaganza

VYJAYANTIMALA in

"MISS MALA"

with Kishore Kumar & Bipin Gupta

English Subtitles — At Regular Prices

MONDAY, Oct. 11, At 11.00 a.m.

A New Achievement In Motion Picture Entertainment!

Walt Disney's

PETER PAN

TECHNICOLOR

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00

MONDAY, Oct. 11, At 12.15 p.m.

The Cry of Mighty Adventure!

MAUREEN O'HARA • PETER LAWFORD

in

KANGAROO! TECHNICOLOR

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00

AFTER 51 YEARS, A CHANGE

Manchester. For 51 years it has been known as "The International Federation of Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers' Associations."

Now it has taken the new and significant name of the "International Federation of Cotton and Allied Textiles Industries."

This change in name, nylon and similar man-made textiles, and leaves out wool, flax, silk, hemp and jute.

Back in 1888 these Allies had a world production of 15,697 million pounds; last year it had swelled to 21,495 million pounds, an increase in 16 years of 35 per cent.

But it is a decrease on the peak, reached in 1931 of 21,781 million pounds, a decrease shared by cotton and rayon and not by the newer synthetic fibres.

This setback seems to have had something to do with the decision of cotton, rayon and synthetic fibres to join forces.—United Press.

His Excuse For Going A. W. O. L.

Catterick, England. An 18-year-old British army signalman started a 35-day sentence in the guardhouse last week because of his bald head, his teasing friends, unsympathetic C.S.M.s and Army red tape.

The youthful signalman with the shiny top is William McIntyre who lost his hair after a childhood disease.

He said he joined the Army to get away from civilian teasing and because the service promised him a wig. But arrival of the wig was delayed by red tape.

He got permission to keep his regimental beard on until the wig arrived. But non-commissioned officers of the old school snapped him to attention each time he entered a room without removing it. He got tired of explaining.

His friends called him "Old Baldy," and it got on his nerves. He went A.W.O.L. for four months.—United Press.

IT'S NESPRAY

POWDERED WHOLE MILK

for me and my family!

NE SPRAY



A self-winding, waterproof watch that acts as a stop-watch



Thousands of men would like a stop-watch on their wrists. But the average stop-watch is a highly complicated instrument that may not always stand up to hard wear, and may need expensive servicing. It cannot be permanently waterproof—because of its push-buttons; it cannot be self-winding, because its hundred extra parts preclude the addition of a self-winding mechanism.

Now, Rolex have produced and patented the Turn-O-Graph, a new development in watch-making. It has a genuine Rolex Oyster Case (without push-buttons) and is absolutely, absolutely waterproof. It is self-winding, self-starting. It has almost all the advantages of a stop-watch—and none of the disadvantages.

And, in addition, the Turn-O-Graph is a very hard-wearing and accurate watch. It is a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is very little more.

HOW IT WORKS
Round the dial of the Turn-O-Graph is a ring of 60 small, evenly-spaced, rectangular windows. Each window is a different color, and each is a different size. As the watch runs, the windows turn round, and each window shows a different color and size. This is the Turn-O-Graph's "stop-watch" function. It is a very simple, but remarkable, invention. It allows you to time anything—from the humblest task to a six-minute flight. There is no limit to the uses you will find for the Turn-O-Graph.

The Turn-O-Graph is a watch with a lot to offer. It is a watch that is as accurate as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as hard-wearing as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. It is a watch that is as simple as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as easy to use as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. It is a watch that is as beautiful as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as valuable as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. It is a watch that is as reliable as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as trustworthy as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. It is a watch that is as good as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as great as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. It is a watch that is as perfect as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as complete as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. It is a watch that is as good as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as great as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. It is a watch that is as perfect as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, and is as complete as a Rolex Oyster Perpetual.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



HER MAJESTY the Queen Mother says goodnight after attending a performance of Terence Rattigan's new play, "Separate Tables," at St James's Theatre, London. (Express)



THE third and last white Rajah of Sarawak, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, pictured on his 80th birthday at his home in Albion Street, Baywater. (Express)



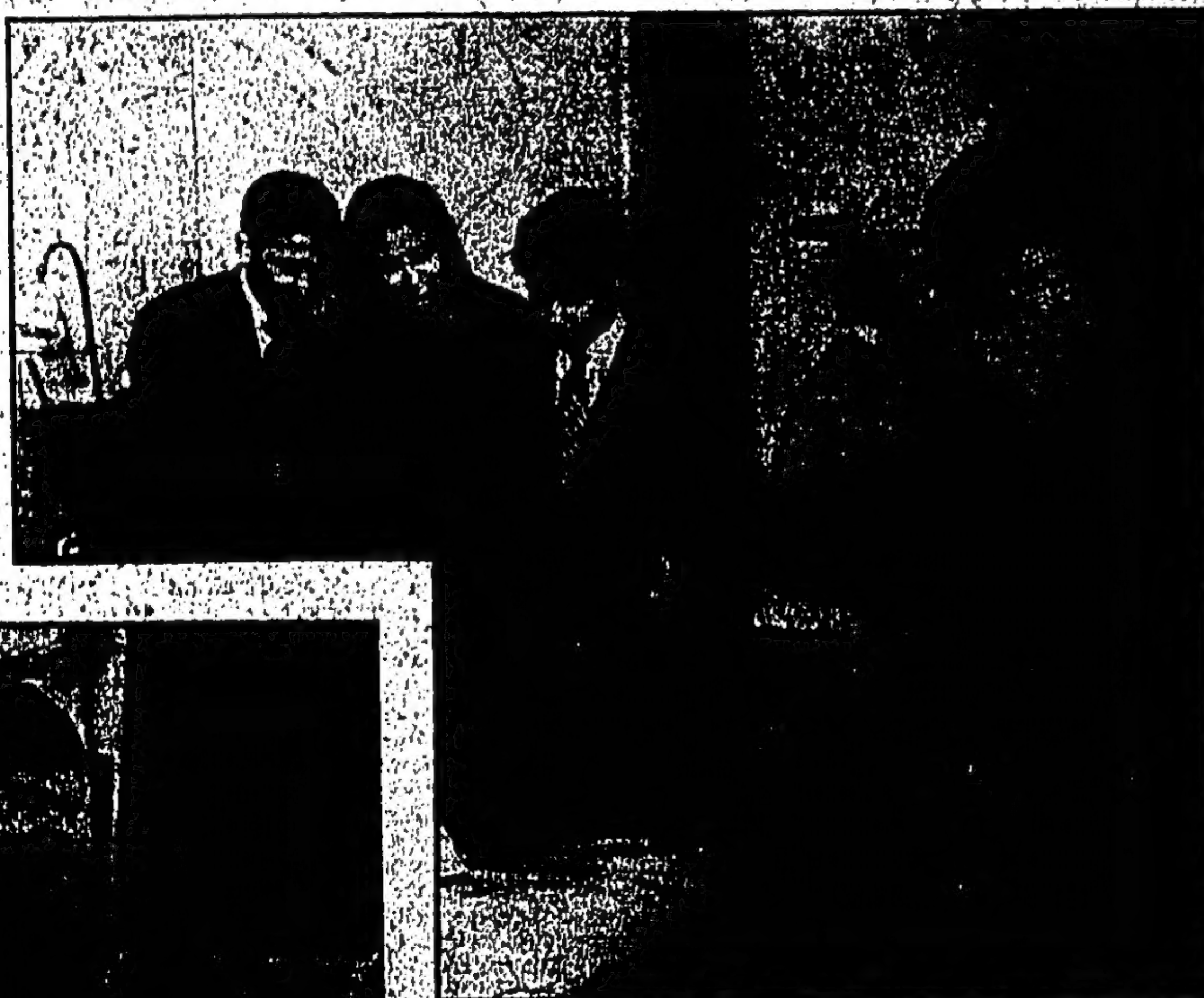
ONE of the new boys at Eton College is Prince William, the Duke of Gloucester's 12-year-old son. He is seen on his way to school for the autumn term. (Express)



AFTER their marriage in London according to Hindu rites: Sheila Durkin, 28-year-old Irish nurse, and Mr. Dharan Chand Wadhwa, 45-year-old, wealthy Boro businessman. (Express)



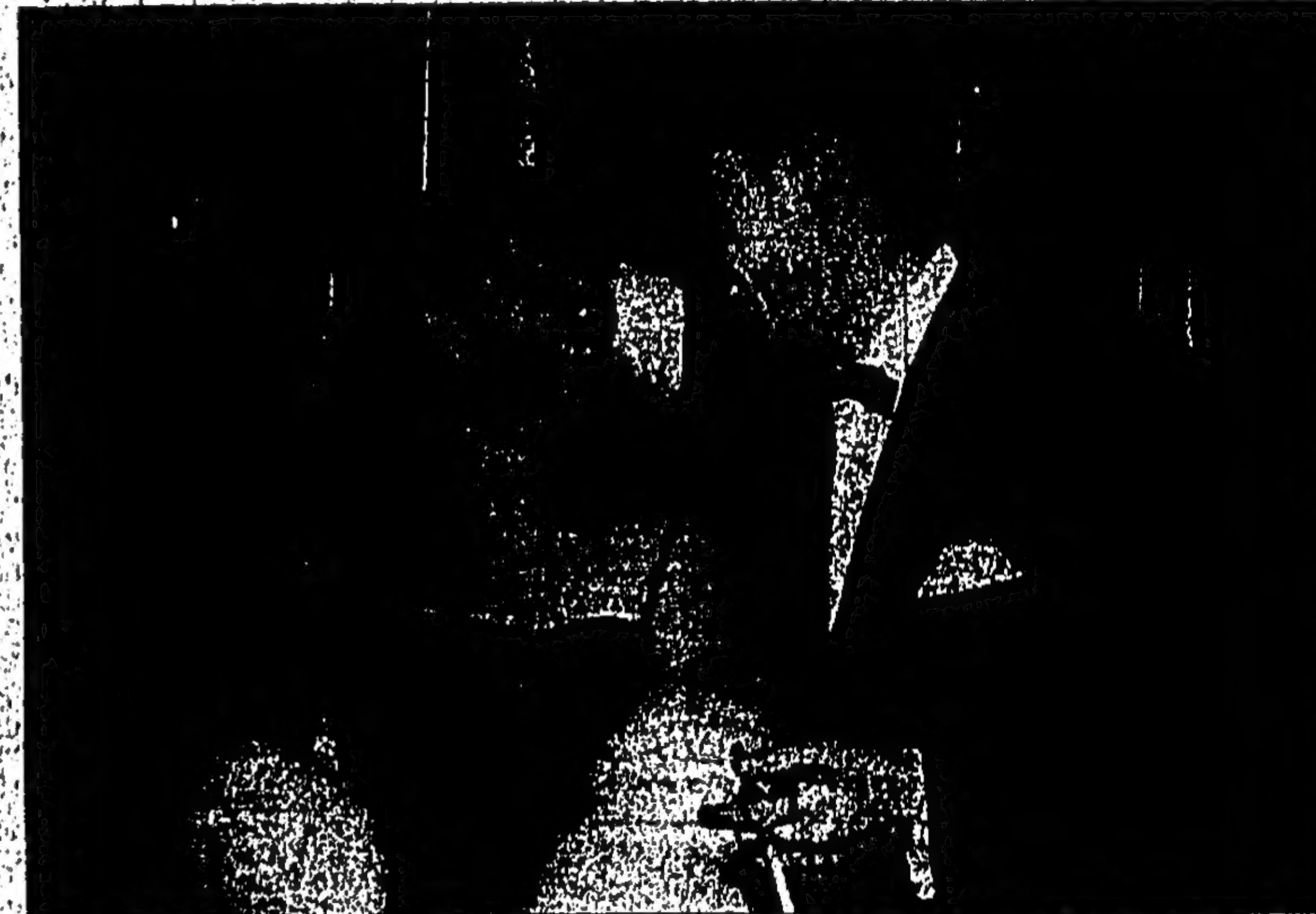
MRS. Bessie Braddock (left), MP for Liverpool Exchange Division, went to court to speak for the City of London's barrow girls "because they are being pushed around." She is here seen with Mrs. Janet Walsh, who was accused of causing a street obstruction and fined 10s. Mrs. Walsh had appealed to Mrs. Braddock, who intervened with the chief constable on behalf of the barrow girls. (Express)



THE Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Mohammed Ali, filming his wife and sons in London before the boys left for Marlborough College, one of England's leading public schools. (Express)



OXFORD student, Enid Kennedy Skipton, one of a team of volunteers working at the site of the newly unearthed Roman temple in the City of London. She is holding a Roman wash basin. Enid, whose father is Mr. G. S. Kennedy Skipton of Hongkong, is one of six successful candidates accepted for the higher home Civil Service. (Express)



AT the London premiere of the new "Romeo and Juliet" film at the Odeon Theatre, Laurence Harvey, who plays Romeo, enjoys a joke with Julie Harrison, young film actress from America. (Express)



MISS Grace O'Brien, 24-year-old younger daughter of Lord Inchiquin, who has just taken up her post as social secretary to the British Ambassador in Tokyo, Sir Peter Dening. (Express)



MISS Grace O'Brien (left) and Miss Tanya Bland (right) at a party in London. (Express)



General Sir Sydney Woodhouse, 80-year-old, who was a member of the House of Commons. (Express)

NANCY



HONOUR at STAKE No. 7

I DON'T REMEMBER!

...said the man with the perfect memory

by Edgar Lustgarten

THE penalty paid for sexual misconduct is frequently adjusted to the rank of the offender. Adultery by a housewife makes her liable to divorce and to the disapprobation of her virtuous neighbours. Adultery by a statesman makes him liable to the interruption and even termination of his political career. But adultery by a queen is equivalent to treason, and for treason the penalty is death.

Great responsibility, therefore, lay on Henry Brougham when, as counsel for Queen Caroline of England, he rose at the bar of the House of Lords to cross-examine the principal witness called by her accusers...

One shares in the passionate sympathy extended to Queen Caroline by the public at the time. History is a long recital of raw deals, but that accorded her takes its place among the rawest. For Caroline was the snubbed, neglected, persecuted consort of the man who tarnished the honourable title of Prince Regent and set the seal upon his infamy as King George IV.

He hated her

IT is the fashion nowadays to reverse former judgments and whitewash George IV; to protest that he has been too censoriously regarded; to claim—in the favoured term of current cant—he was amusing. Anyone who finds any material for amusement in the way he treated Princess Caroline of Brunswick would doubtless laugh his head off to see somebody run over.

The marriage treaty, concluded—as was then of course a common enough occurrence—before the contracting parties had set eyes upon each other, constituted, on George's side, a cool commercial bargain, the quid pro quo being the payment of his debts. Caroline, naive and unworshipful though she was—can hardly have supposed herself the heroine of a love match, but may have expected kindness or at least consideration; in the event, she did not even receive civility.

George hated her with that consuming hatred scornful reserve for those whom they have wronged. Having gained the financial benefits he needed, he heaped every kind of insult and humiliation upon the unwanted chattel assigned him in exchange, and when such ill-usage was borne with fortitude, dismissed her from his home.

Caroline's mistake

THIS situation, though, left George despatched. Nothing would content him but the finality of divorce. For a divorce, however, one requires evidence. So as Caroline sought to forget her sufferings by journeying from place to place across the Continent, her doings were "observed by a band of hopeful spies."

No wonder that, when, after so prolonged a persecution, George's servile Government introduced a Bill with the object of dissolving his marriage on the ground of Caroline's adultery with "a foreigner of low station," popular emotion rallied to the Queen, and the King—himself wholeheartedly condemned long before the strength or weakness of his case was known.

No wonder, but at the same time the fact must be admitted: Caroline had rather asked for it. If not through lack of morals, through lack of common sense. There are certain things that ladies who are living apart from

their husbands should not do if they wish to avoid proceedings for divorce. Above all, they should not lack about with men who are young and handsome and of inferior social rank.

Bergami—"the foreigner of low station"—was all three. His physical attractions were compelling. He was Caroline's junior by more than 18 years. And his status was that of a servant in her suite; originally engaged as a mere courier, raised by her favour to the post of chamberlain.

For Caroline to live on familiar terms with such a person, to admit him to her table, to dance with him in public—certainly this was the very peak of indiscretion. But indiscretion does not always mean adultery. Were there grounds for saying it did so here?

That was the King's contention, and his Government's plea, at the hearing in the House of

Next Saturday

When the gift of Horatio Bottomley lost its magic at last

Lords. To support it, they relied mainly on a witness named Majocchi, who had been one of Caroline's lackeys during Bergami's regime.

Majocchi was forthright. Wherever Caroline's suite established quarters, he declared her room and Bergami's were always close together; he had seen Caroline enter Bergami's room in the middle of the night; he had seen Bergami enter Caroline's room, partially undressed; on a Mediterranean voyage, the pair had occupied the same enclosed tent raised on the ship's deck.

If Majocchi were believed, there was no hope for Caroline. And Majocchi had told this story in the greatest detail, with out inconsistency or self-

The man whose evidence was to decide the fate of a queen hesitated. "Non mi ricordo," he said.

contradiction. Believed he would be, believed he should be, unless his credit failed to weather cross-examination.

Facing him across the crowded chamber, Brougham had no weapon except his own sharp wits. No document, no records, no secret information. A witness so meticulously specific as Majocchi might or might not be a paragon of truth. Did he speak from recollection of the facts—or of a brief? Was he a keen observer—or an expert, purchased liar?

The test is classical. He recalls perfectly anything that helps to build a case—anything that stigmatises, that incriminates. But if his evidence is genuine, not faked, he will equally remember surrounding circumstances—circumstances that do not bear directly on the issue, but would not have been forgotten while the others were remembered.

This is the test that Brougham now applies.

A few preliminary questions of a general nature. Then the first sighting shot, heavily disguised.

"At the Queen's house in Naples, the gentlemen, of her suite sat at the second table?"

"Yes."

"Didn't Sir William Gell's servant sit at that table too?"

Sir William Gell's servant? What does he matter? What is the point, the relevancy of this?

Nene—except that Majocchi hesitates; for the first time he appears to be nonplussed.

"Non mi ricordo. I don't remember," he replies.

"Didn't Mr. Craven's servant sit at that table too?"

Majocchi hesitates again.

"Non mi ricordo."

Perfect blank

THE sighting shots have served their purpose. Brougham previously suspected; now he is convinced. Majocchi is no more than an instructed perjurer, and shall be dealt with accordingly until he is exposed.

"Where did Sir William Gell's servant sleep in the Naples house?"

"Non mi ricordo."

"Where did Mr. Craven's servant sleep?"

"Non mi ricordo."

"Was Bergami's child in the house?"

"Non mi ricordo."

The perfect memory has become the perfect blank. The man who knew everything suddenly knows nothing. Where this one ate, where that one slept, arrivals, departures, the position of doors and staircases and windows—"Non mi ricordo."

Brougham, completely confident, comes boldly in from the periphery to the centre.

"That tent on the deck. What sort of sofa were put under it?"

"An ordinary sofa and an iron bedstead."

"Isn't it right that no bedclothes were ever put upon the sofa?"

"Non mi ricordo."

"Or upon the iron bedstead?"

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

SO GET YOUR GIRL (OR BOY) LOOKING LIKE A STAR! MANDRAKE'S SPECIAL MAKE-UP REMOVES ALL WRINKLES AND LINES. IT'S THE ONLY MAKE-UP THAT DOES THIS!

WISH YOU WERE AS COOL AS A CUCUMBER? MANDRAKE'S SPECIAL MAKE-UP REMOVES ALL REDNESS AND FLUSH. IT'S THE ONLY MAKE-UP THAT DOES THIS!

WISH YOU WERE AS TALL AS A GIPSY? MANDRAKE'S SPECIAL MAKE-UP REMOVES ALL STUBBILITY AND BULK. IT'S THE ONLY MAKE-UP THAT DOES THIS!

WISH YOU WERE AS SLENDER AS A REED? MANDRAKE'S SPECIAL MAKE-UP REMOVES ALL FAT AND FLAB. IT'S THE ONLY MAKE-UP THAT DOES THIS!

WISH YOU WERE AS WHITE AS A SHEET? MANDRAKE'S SPECIAL MAKE-UP REMOVES ALL TANNING AND DISCOLORATION. IT'S THE ONLY MAKE-UP THAT DOES THIS!

WISH YOU WERE AS BEAUTIFUL AS A PRINCESS? MANDRAKE'S SPECIAL MAKE-UP REMOVES ALL FLAWS AND DEFECTS. IT'S THE ONLY MAKE-UP THAT DOES THIS!

CHAPMAN PINCHER Label Women At The Wheel!

EVERY woman who is learning to drive a car should be required by law to carry special warning plates marked WL—for Woman Learner.

And every woman who has somehow passed the driving test should be made to carry plates marked W—for Woman.

I am now certain that the bold marking of these vehicles which are under the control of women would make a real contribution to road safety.

When following a car marked W or WL a man motorist would know that the driver is not necessarily going to turn left when the left-hand signal flicks out at a cross-road.

He could take the precaution of always sounding his horn when overtaking such a marked car, in the near-certain knowledge that the driver in front uses her mirror only for powdering her nose.

He would know that even in clearly marked three-lane traffic it would be highly dangerous to risk being the most in the sandwich between two W cars.

I have always known that women are not endowed with the type of mind and muscles which make a person fit to be in charge of half a ton of fast-moving steel. But this revealing experience of teaching my wife to drive has compelled me to make a closer study of women motorists.

As a result I am convinced that they are basically dangerous for three reasons:

1. I know exactly how the pistons work to drive a car. But some idea of what the clutch does, why gears are there, and what are the limitations of a car's brakes is essential.

2. WOMEN have poor road sense. They have no appreciation of the importance of changing their road position to ensure the best view on bends. They hug the left-hand kerb or drive persistently on the crown.

3. THEIR NERVOUS reactions are too slow in emergencies. Searching tests on accident-proneness were made on more than 200 men and women at the Government's road research laboratory.

Machines devised by the Medical Research Council measured co-ordination between hand and eye, and hand and ear. The ability to react rapidly at short notice was recorded. Men beat women easily.

TONY MOTTA visits a prison-turned-hospital where

THE CHILDREN'S WARD BECOMES A CLASSROOM

THE approach to Lanchuk Hospital is not impressive. Tier upon tier of warehouse-like buildings confront the eye, and sturdily barred windows do nothing to belie their resemblance to a prison.

Yes, it was a prison during the Japanese occupation, but within its fastness today, about 500 patients, mainly tubercular cases, are receiving life-giving treatment.

The convalescent ward of the hospital, which is perched high on a hill, has been the scene of bustling activity for the last two months.

On entering the ward, you miss the pungent odour of disinfectant, so much a part of all hospitals, and if it were not for the stark white walls and row of beds it could easily be mistaken for a classroom.

And classroom it is to some 20 children who, stricken by one of the most terrible diseases known to man, cannot gather up their books in the morning and trot off to school.

As Dr G. C. Franklin, the hospital's superintendent, entered the ward yesterday morning, the children did not lie placidly on their cots to await examination, but "chattered" "Good morning" after the fashion of school children the world over.

DILIGENT

HAPPY to be the centre of attention, a little boy, who, although out of a cast, was still lying on a wooden frame shaped to straighten his blighted body, busily coloured a picture with some crayons and then surveyed his work with the studied air of an artist.

Assured of our concerted attention, he extracted a book from under his bed and read unerringly in sing-song Chinese. The teacher, who had looked on proudly all the time, said that the children were all extremely diligent, and always begged for extra work to do—something he had rarely come across in the healthy school children during 24 years of teaching experience.

The teacher, who is attached to the hospital from the Education Department, pointed out those children who had received an elementary education prior to entering the hospital were well up to standard.

Others, less fortunate, were progressing rapidly. Each child receives 20 minutes of individual attention daily.

The beauty of this scheme, which was introduced by the Red Cross Society, is that not only is the child's mind diverted from his illness and forced into activity, but also he is receiving an education which he would not otherwise have been able to obtain. Nearly all of the

children come from very poor circumstances. The subjects taught, Chinese arithmetic and drawing, will serve everyone of them in good stead when they are completely cured and leave the hospital. The children are long-term convalescents and it is one to two years before they are fully recovered.

Smiley, for that seems a likely nickname for the young lad, readily answered all questions put to him with the air of a man of the world.

All of eight years old, Smiley, who is recuperating from tuberculosis of the spine, said that he liked it in the hospital very much since lessons started and he had something to do.

"Smiley, what did you do before school started?"

"I stared at the ceiling and talked to my friends."

Asked whether he would like to go home, Smiley hesitated for the first time, and with

brimming eyes said: "Yes?" And what was home to Smiley? A small cubicle in Shaukiwan shared by his father—a goldsmith by trade—mother and four other brothers and sisters.

At home he would not have such nourishing Chinese food, with additional milk, eggs and oranges; nor would he have a bed all to himself—and, yes, Smiley wants to go home! He has been in the hospital for nearly a year.

Smiley's next door neighbour, brimming eyes said: "Yes?"

And what was home to Smiley? A small cubicle in Shaukiwan shared by his father—a goldsmith by trade—mother and four other brothers and sisters.

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At home he would not have such nourishing Chinese food, with additional milk, eggs and oranges; nor would he have a bed all to himself—and, yes, Smiley wants to go home! He has been in the hospital for nearly a year.

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"Six years old, said her chart, a tubercular spine, and the day of admittance was some two months back.

Her previous brought an examination of surprise from Dr Franklin. "Jolly good," he said and moved on.

On a neighbouring bed, an older girl sat up as best she could, and combed her hair. Having thus prepared herself she smiled for her visitors and proudly exhibited a piece of paper on which she had coloured Mother Goose and her goslings.

Further sign of vanity in this 14-year-old was a coloured bead bracelet she sported on her left wrist. She said that she had threaded it herself.

THE STAR

NEARLY every child had something to show off, but star performer of the morning was a little tot of six.

With the whole of her body encased in a cast, she had to be propped up to greet her visitors. Once upright, she maintained "this dignified position and giggled shyly.

She was asked to sing by the teacher, and as we all waited for her to burst into song the other children chorused "In Chinese. Come to us O Mother!"

The "moon" was some time in coming—she was playing on the element of suspense, for surely, but finally replied in a childish tone.

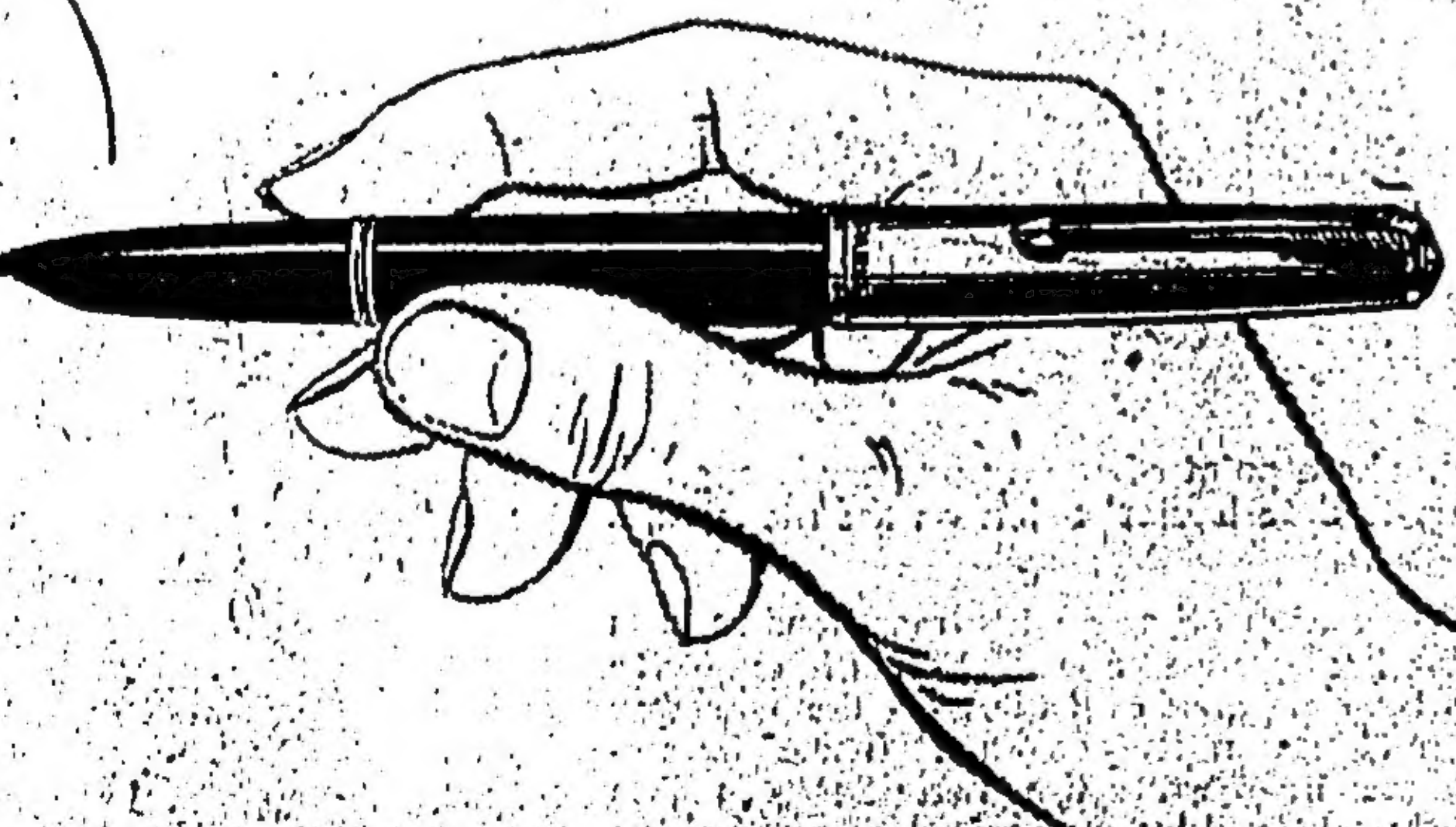
She concluded her act by identifying 18 Chinese characters and counting quickly to 100. She took the photographs in her stride by smiling noisily as the flash went off.

The visitor leaves the wards of Lanchuk Hospital with mixed feelings. That he is touched by what he has seen is a natural reaction since it follows that man feels for fellow man. But should he stop to consider what would happen if through poverty and ignorance the patients now receiving free treatment at the hospital were forced to fend for themselves, perhaps he will better understand the magnitude of the work done by Dr Franklin and his staff.

To be as free as the bird in every man's inbred desire, but to be confined in Lanchuk's net is a cruel fate.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

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For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Electro-Polishing solution.

Tunney the business tycoon is no mixer

GENE TUNNEY, the American marine who twice outsmarted Jack Dempsey, made a million, married more millions, and then tossed back his gloves in the teeth of the fight game, is an unrecognised man today.

For Dempsey, there are still backslappers and handshakers in their thousands. For Tunney, scarcely a hero-worshipping glance. Not even at the busy little railway station at Stamford, Connecticut, where, many mornings, the ex-world champion can be seen arriving by car from his lush country home at neighbouring Greenwich, buying his paper, and settling in his corner seat for the 40-minute non-stop ride to Grand Central Station, New York.

Just another executive on his way to town—big, spruce, courteous, successful, impeccably groomed, untroubled.

★ COMPLIMENT?

His business for the day? It could be the tyre company of which he is president; or the merchant bankers of which he is chairman; or the paper and cardboard firm he helps to direct; or perhaps the construction outfit which recently built a thousand trim houses for returning GIs out there in the green, honey-suckle-hedged and "English-looking" lanes of Havemeyer Park, Connecticut.

At 56, Tunney is a tycoon—flourishing in his business, occasionally assiduous in politics, proud father of two tall and handsome sons, fulfilling with dignity the huntin', shootin', fishin' obligations of a country squire. But no mixer—and, above all, fastidiously aloof from the fight fraternity he once tamed to his own plainly stated ends.



GENE TUNNEY—at 56, the immaculate business executive.

You can admire the lowly-born Tunney for applying his intellect and his dollars to gentler arts than boxing; you can despise him for turning his back on the thick-ear industry that made him; or, as he would wish,

you can have no opinion about him at all.

But do not be shy of asking Tunney his opinion about things pugilistic. His answer comes pat, and well practised:

"The greatest fighter in the world since Corbett was undoubtedly Dempsey," the one-time immaculate Marine will tell you. And you may please yourself whether you construe that as a genuine tribute to his old opponent or a round-the-corner compliment to his own adroitness in the prize ring.

For 27 years, Tunney's boxing reputation has centred round a million-dollar question mark. The question of the LONG

COUNT in his second fight with Dempsey at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, on September 22, 1927—a fracas to which 104,943 spectators contributed 2,688,860 dollars, and from which Tunney extracted 990,000 dollars, the defeated Dempsey being compensated to the minor tune of 447,500 dollars.

Quite a pay-day for all concerned. Also historic, for Tunney swore that men will talk of the knock-down count in Tunney v. Dempsey long after they have forgotten the battle of Bunker Hill and the arrow that hit the eye of Harold at Hastings.

A cardinal rule of boxing says that a man knocked legitimately to the floor for ten seconds has lost the fight. But there can be local trimmings. Tunney was horizontal for 14—some say 16—seconds, yet beat the man who put him in that undignified position. That is the simple truth of it.

Tunney, slender, but deep-chested, adequately shouldered and well-screwed in the most effective places, had left employed the shrewder mathematics of boxing to outpoint and relieve Dempsey of the heavyweight championship of the world in Philadelphia in 1926. A second meeting became inevitable. Promoter Tex Rickard said so.

★ SCOWLING

A scowling Dempsey, his natural ring savagery spurred by a burning desire for revenge, flung himself full pelt at Tunney. But Tunney was not anywhere around for Aunt Sally purposes. With perfect training, a bookish of boxing logic, and an extremely mobile pair of legs, at his command he moved smoothly away from Dempsey's venom-imparted swings. When Dempsey strove for the body, Tunney clinched. When Dempsey aimed his famous left hook the punch that had destroyed so many less agile heavyweights, Tunney skipped out of range. And always, as Dempsey overreached, there was the straight left arm of Tunney to sting and stab for points on his opponent's face.

A short right to the chin had Dempsey back on his heels in Round Two. A left brought blood from his nose in the third. A volley of incisive body

punches raised rosy blotches on his ribs in the fourth. A cut over his left eyebrow steamed red to join the blood from his nose in the fifth. Tunney, having encouraged Dempsey to loose steam by abortive rushes, now moved forward, left-jabbing remorselessly.

But the Dempseys of this world are not tormented with impunity. Tunney, for one split second in Round Seven, came off the ropes, with his jaw unguarded. Dempsey smote it good and hard with his left, and followed through with a right upper-cut that lifted its recipient inches into the night air. Tunney spun upwards and backwards into the ropes, clumped to the floor with hurt chin between his knees and groped with his left hand at the middle of the three confining ropes—as a drowning man would clutch at a straw.

Immediately, timekeeper Beeler began his ringside count with a pounding of fist on the

inch of space to keep away from a frustrated Dempsey. Let Dempsey fill the air, let him sneer, let him mouth a contemptuous invitation to "stand still and fight."

Not Tunney; the straight, the slide-rule boxer, waiting for the bell. Time was now on his side. A short right put Dempsey on the floor in the eighth, and although the old slinker was up on the instant, the tale of his impending defeat was plain for all to see in the red gashes above his eyes, the puffed, mis-shapen mouth, the cut and bleeding lips.

Dempsey floundered. Tunney jabbed, and jabbed, and jabbed. Victory was his at the end of the ten rounds, then considered sufficient for the heavyweight championship of the world.

★ ICY ANSWER

Thus ended the battle of the long count, and thus began the argument that has brought high words to bar-rooms and gymnasia to this day. Was the referee right in delaying his count till Dempsey had fulfilled the obligations of the rule-book? For me, the answer is: an unqualified yes.

Unfortunately, rules are necessary when man fits man for money. Fool around with those rules and you strip the last few shreds of chivalry from a sport that was designed for men, not savages.

For 27 years, Gene Tunney has had one icy answer to those, myself included, who have sought his view on those tense seconds when he was on the floor at Soldiers' Field:

★ RULES SIMPLE

"There was no 'long count'! The rules were simple, and explicit. Dempsey knew of them, and, indeed, insisted on their use. I was fully cognisant of what was going on. At no time did I lose any of my senses. I merely awaited the referee's count."

"Any boxer with common sense takes full advantage of the knock-down rules, regardless of what the public or anybody else may think. Had I wanted to, I could have got up at four—or at any other time."

At "four," Tunney was up on one knee. Then he sank back again to watch the rise and fall of Barry's arm above him; his lips moving in unison. At "nine" he was back in ring-circulation, back-peddling, stalling, retreating, making precious use of every

And so say all of us—except a few million worshippers of a man called Jack Dempsey.

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THE END

by
George
Whiting



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READING CHARACTER THROUGH HANDWRITING: NO. 6

WHAT YOU CAN TELL BY HOOKS AND ENDINGS

By "SCRIBBLER"

HAVE you ever noticed handwriting that is full of hooks at the end, beginning or middle of words? As the word "hook" implies, it is to hold on to something, and that is what the hook means in graphology—tenacity.

Notice the hooks on the "F" in "French" and on the "r" in "replies" in **EXAMPLE 1**. The hooks here are only at the beginning of the words and, as such being so, indicates that

of words indicates a person at the beginning, but would probably end up by refusing who will persist to the end. What he starts he will finish, no matter what happens. There is no use trying to change this writer's mind on anything, for it will be only like talking to a brick wall.

The way in which a person ends his words reveals

not taper too much, but when they do, it means that the writer is very cunning and, perhaps, a hypocrite. When the writing tapers only slightly, the writer is a very cautious person and trustful. On the other hand, if the writing tapers off to a sharp point, look out! The writer is insincere.

A mystical leaning is indicated when words end with a vertical or near-vertical stroke that goes far above the writing. This writer is in his element when he deals in mysterious and exotic things. Sometimes he may even be a religious fanatic.

Sometimes you will come across writing where the ending of words is brought back to under the word and

and well rounded curve shows the writer to be gracious, and honest, with sincere consideration for other people.

If the endings do not slant upwards but continue on a straight line, forcing the next word further along the line, the writer will be over-generous and lacking in prudence. If the last letter or two end in an undecipherable wavy line, the writer will use deceit and lies to get himself out of nasty situations.

Endings that are brought down heavily to the right disclose a violent and determined nature. Sometimes this person will be almost ruthless in his tenacity. If this sign is not so strong and modified by others, the writer will only be impulsively violent, and although he will regret his angry outbursts, he will not be quick to ask for forgiveness as he is inherently stubborn.

Words which start off with small formations, then become

EXAMPLE ONE

a decision on reinforcements
America replies to his request
The French Ambassador in
was instructed by the French

the writer possesses the trait of tenacity, but mainly about unimportant matters. This writer may not agree with a proposition at the beginning, but if he thinks it will be a good venture then he will agree with you in the end.

On the other hand, when the little hooks are at the end of a word, the writer might listen to you meekly in your proposal and rely on his own plans, unless, of course, you can furnish proof that yours is better.

many interesting characteristics to a graphologist. In **EXAMPLE 2** you will notice that the ends of the words finish quite abruptly. This abrupt ending shows that the writer has an economical nature. He or she will be very careful when it comes to watching the budget. If the endings are especially short then the writer will be very grasping and uncharitable.

A secretive nature is indicated when words end with a vertical stroke that

EXAMPLE TWO

starting, changing course
would also make human
know it impossible.

towards the beginning. This indicates a lack of hope and a tendency to give up. The writer is not a person who can stick to a plan and follow it through to the end.



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DRAWING BY GORDON HOGG

It will be agreed that odd things can happen almost anywhere if you're there at the right time. Even in the supposed academic calm of a library. For instance: she came delicately down the high canyons of the shelved books, and she looked good enough to stampede a gaggle of bibliophiles of any vintage: octogenarian or under. Or over.

She wore a pale blue linen suit with short sleeves and a pleated skirt that wasted nothing of her slenderness and grace, she carried white gloves and a dark blue and white handbag. What roused him first to her approach was the hesitating lock-lock of her tiny white toeless sandals on the parquet floor. It was so essentially a feminine sound and not often heard at that end of the building.

She was examining each alcove as she passed, and in the alternate shadow and sun between the shelves the afternoon brightness did no injustice to her hair: fair and free, it moved gently

with the inquiring turn of her head as she searched.

Her legs were pale brown and fine and might almost have been stockingless except that her sort of girl did not wear that sort of outfit in town without stockings: he was guessing and he knew he had no business to be guessing.

But it must be admitted that George Edward Lanning abandoned the slight attention he had been giving McKay on Torsional Oscillations without regret and watched her come up to his alcove. And he was telling himself that her gift for movement was an education in itself if you were interested in the theory of stresses and strains: this was the job really working: this was where mechanics became poetry.

She saw that he was alone in his alcove and she passed on. But not before his interested and ungenteel examination had noted the anxious look in her eyes: nice wide eyes, dark blue — a firm chin that said "no nonsense," and a full mouth that might be persuaded otherwise if conditions were right.

Faint murmur

He pushed McKay to one side and went on staring absently at the vacant space she had so attractively occupied in her passing, and knew that whatever she was looking for it wouldn't be any bright pattern concerning the mechanics of pre-cast concrete as offered by George Lanning.

She had reached the end of the room, just two alcoves behind him, and he found himself listening, regretfully, to the silence that followed when those pretty feet halted. She would now come back and walk out of the library. So George Lanning might as well go back to McKay and his masterly analysis of what makes some buildings stand up and other buildings fall down. Eventually. Which is no way of spending a sunny afternoon.

He shifted his not inconsiderable bulk on the plain wooden chair and pretended he was there to work after all. He just.

But she didn't come back. So perhaps she had a taste for the kind of reading provided by the shelves of the lower alcove. Now that was a thought: medieval philosophy and romance language: the kind of stuff she wouldn't be able to lift off the shelves without a block and tackle. He tilted his chair and looked round the corner but all he saw was the empty alley between the shelves, streaked with sunlight.

Five authors write the new China Mail serial: Michael Cronin begins

Sequence Sinister

by



TODAY the China Mail begins the year's most sensational thriller — the story written by five best-selling authors. Michael Cronin set the scene with today's and Monday's chapters, and each author in his turn took up the story where the other left off without discussing the development of the plot. The order of writing was decided by lot. Geoffrey Household will follow with his first instalment on Tuesday.

Lanning reached him as the girl twisted and beat at him with her bag. Lanning chopped down hard with the flat of his hand on the arm that held the pad, swiveling the young man half-clear, and clipped him on the side of the jaw with an automatic right.

The tabloids broke up quickly. The air was heavy with the sick-sweet smell of ether. The green velvet slacks slowly folded and slid to the floor. The girl was coughing with her mouth buried in the crook of her arm and her eyes were streaming.

Lanning coaxed her over to one of the tall steel-framed windows and flung it open, which probably infringed a number of library ordinances. "Get some of that... take it in deep... nice and deep... that's a girl."

She was trembling inside the support of his arm. She kept a tight hold of that handbag. Her chest lifted and her nostrils were thin and pinched as she drew in the air. "Better?"

She nodded, eyes closed. He pulled out a handkerchief and put it into her hand. "Wipe your face or hell think you're frightened of him."

Sore head

"Thank you." It was a tiny voice now, uncertain of itself. "I thought I was going to be sick. But I'm not." She opened her eyes. What she saw she would have been a smile if her mouth had been under control. But at least the intention was there. "I'm better now."

"Good. Stick near the window. In case you change your mind about being sick." Lanning went over to the green trousers, still smothered in the corner, and hauled him to his feet by the front of his jacket and propped him against the books of medieval philosophy — no fit resting place for a sore head.

Lanning slapped his face. "Come back to us, son," he said, and instinctively he had lowered his voice: on the side wall there was an unambiguous notice: SILENCE. He slapped his face again until his head bounced from side to side, and a pale puzzled look appeared on his face. His eyes came open.

'Know him?'

"That's better," said Lanning, and shook him ungenially. Then over his shoulder to the girl. "I'll hold him here — you slip down to the floor below and get the boy in uniform — he knows where the phone is."

The girl moved her hair back from her forehead. She hadn't taken much of the dope and the shock was passing. She didn't move. "I don't think I want to do that... you mean the police?" She sounded almost scared of being right.

"Rather. They'll lap this up." The casually was taking notice of things and not liking them in the least. Lanning held him against the bookshelves. "Doesn't look very tough: you know him?"

She shook her head. Her fingers were busy over the clasp of her bag, opening and snapping it shut. She still hesitated.

"Do we have to tell the police?"

Lanning stared at her. "It's usual. Why not?" "I'd rather leave it as it is... please. He didn't hurt me."

"I may have it wrong," said Lanning, "but I know what I saw. And that was dope in that pad."

Her mouth twisted. "I know... and I'm glad you were there. But it's all right now."

He looked from her to the man in green trousers: the latter was working tenderly over his jaw with a green silk handkerchief: green appeared to be his operative colour. He had a lot of old black hair and a thin face. Wringing wet and with his pockets loaded there was nothing to him; he looked more like a clerk than a bandit.

"I still think we might all walk downstairs and see what the Law feels about this." Lanning scooped up the doped pad from the floor, wrapped it in his handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

"Please — can't you forget it?" She was pleading with him and quite evidently she wanted no more part of the drama.

"You mean it's all right with you if some perfectly strange little tick comes up to you in a library and shoves a pad of dope over your face?"

"I wish I could explain — it might help." The green trousers had begun to slide along past the books, watching Lanning from under his tumbled hair and with the green handkerchief over his jaw. He was saying precisely nothing.

"There's a joke tied somewhere, but it misses me. You want me to let him go?"

Direct look

The girl relaxed visibly. She was going to say something, and then changed her mind.

"Well, that was that," said Lanning. "A frolic among the folios. I hope you don't make a habit of it."

"Thank you for being so prompt — it could have been difficult." She gave him a very direct look. He had been right about her eyes: deep blue, but with faint violet fringes. Her throat was firm and pale honey, and she was almost herself again.

He grinned down at her. "Relax. Any other little grand you have in mind? Let's move before they throw us out."

They went through the wicket gate past the card index cabinets where a motley young lady in a shiny black skirt and a very correct plain white office blouse was watching and wondering if she'd ever manage to look that way herself, which, considering the way she was put together, was a professed speculation.

Loveliest idea

In the entrance hall beyond the reading rooms they halted on the wide imitation marble steps.

"I don't know what to say," she began. "I can't imagine what you must be thinking..."

"I've been thinking that a cup of tea wouldn't hurt," he said. "You have the loveliest ideas."

There was the suggestion of a dimple in that prettily rounded chin. Elusive and utterly charming. Bustle of departed councillors and mayors looked down on her with approval.

Before he reached the swing doors she caught his arm, and held him back.

"Look — don't you see? In that car?"

Across the sunlit street the car waited, an Austin Princess, expensive and very respectable. The three occupants were watching the front door of the library, and one of them was the little man in the green velvet trousers.

Monday: Michael Cronin's second thrilling instalment

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

DANGEROUS LIVING?

I say even mothers have the right to take risks

SHOULD a woman risk her life if she is a mother? A woman who decided NO is blonde, 37-year-old Mrs. Phyllis Mount. She is a stock-car racing driver—and the mother of three children.

For their sake her husband asked her to give up her dangerous job. "She must think of our children's future," he said.

Although Mrs. Mount loves her work and does not believe that it is as hazardous as it looks, she has given in to her husband's request and told track officials she will race no more.

A woman who decided YES is brunette, 36-year-old Mme. Jacqueline Auriol. She is a fearless test pilot and the first French woman flier to break the sound barrier. She is also the mother of two young sons.

"Our Jackie," as she is known to the French Air Force, has continued flying in spite of an accident that led to 16 plastic surgery operations on her face. After this her husband, also a pilot and son of the ex-President of France, asked her to give up her test pilot's job for the sake of their two boys.

But Jacqueline Auriol believes that even a devoted mother is entitled to her own life.

"I fly because I like it," she says simply, "because I should not be happy if I didn't." And she adds: "I won the women's world speed record in the air for France. Doesn't that justify my flying?"

Separate cars

Unlike these two young mothers who both chose dangerous jobs, many of us are faced with the same decision on how much we have a right to risk.

Many parents will not fly in the same aeroplane in case there is a crash. I even know one couple who drive in separate cars for the same reason.

Personally, I agree with Jacqueline Auriol. The spirit

of adventure can call as strongly to a woman as to a man, and she is probably a better example to her children if she follows it.

No one calls a man selfish towards his children if he wants to climb mountains, explore jungles or fly faster than sound. And it is all too often the over-cautious, fussy mother who rears timid, nervous children.

by
Eileen Ascroft



ATTRACTIVE for the slim figure are the new suits with boxy Paris jackets. One of the most useful is the hip-length jacket, photographed here in a camel-hair and wool mixture. It looks smart with ocelot fur fabric collar and cuffs or with saddle-stitching. It can be worn over its own skirt for town or drapings pants for casual week-end wear.

I have known clever, intelligent women give up interesting jobs because they felt it was expected of them. And their subsequent frustration with life soon became apparent in the nervous peevishness of their children.

I do not believe that a woman who enjoys her career needs to devote 12 hours a day to being a good mother.

Many women, however fond they may be of their offspring, are unsuited to be the constant companions of small children. And the children themselves would be happier and healthier in the care of a more placid, homely individual.

Too much sacrifice—whether of money, time or personal achievement—can often be as bad for the children as for their mothers.

Monsieur Lacroche, first Paris jeweller to enter the perfume business, has launched a scent in a bell container of pure gold.

Earrings for autumn are shaped like dahlias in plastic mother-of-pearl in the tawny shades of the flower. Another earring, novelty is made from real ermine tails.

Ribbons and bows

Paris has started a crop of ribbons and bows on winter dresses. They tie collars, span waists, stress hips in velvet, satin, taffeta or petersham.

Balenciaga features black and red satin ribbon belts and organdie blouses striped with narrow figured ribbons threaded with gold.

Fath uses huge black satin ribbon bows to fasten coats or soles. Dior is showing evening scarves made from ribbon strips of bright coloured flowers on a white satin background edged with royal blue velvet. And London dress-maker John Cavanagh puts small damask ribbon bow fastenings at the back of the neck of afternoon dresses.

Slave bangles

French girls are still entranced about the black jerseys they wore all the summer with full cotton skirts. For winter they are substituting flared skirts of heavy pebble tweed. Newest accessory idea is an armful of slave bangles, in oxidised metal, studded with glittering stones.

New Trend In Furniture

Pink Tops Subdued Colours

High Point, N.C. "HOMEY" tones in finish and colour, notably pink, are style highlights of new furniture being offered the buying public for the last half of 1954.

The theory is that with design taking on more and more of the softness of traditional feeling, more subdued colours are preferable to the former device of shocking. Thus the pink of milady's boudoir is seen in kitchen tables and chairs.

MATCHES ANYTHING

Among the colours presented at the annual Summer Furniture and Rug market here were cameo pink, lilac pink, rose pink, ice pink and even a dusty pink. One manufacturer came up with a pastel blue finish in kitchen and other furniture.

"Pink can be matched with almost anything," one manufacturer said.

The hues and tones introduced in wool as well as fabric are products of research for what was described as "exciting and satisfying as well as free from any effort to attract attention by the device of startling or shocking."

WIDE RANGE

The new tones "put the furniture industry into the position of keeping pace with growing colour consciousness of today's home-maker," a market review said.

Wood living room furniture runs the range from greyed tones on through to pastel tints and off-white.

Southern furniture makers are introducing some of the largest case goods (storage units) ever shown. This is particularly true in the lower priced modern range where Hollywood headboards and triple dressers are gigantic.

Oriental influences were strong throughout the medium and upper price brackets but a switch to traditional lines appeared solidified for the autumn and winter trade after early American and French provincial received favourable acceptance during the Spring.



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Every woman knows what 'difficult' days can do to her self-confidence and poise. And so needlessly... now that we have TAMPAX, internally worn sanitary protection invented by a doctor, TAMPAX is so comfortable. No belts, pins or pads, no chafing or hot-weather embarrassment. So many up-to-date women have adopted TAMPAX—why not you?

10 packets of 10.—Regular TAMPAX No. 1 for average needs or Super-Absorbent TAMPAX No. 2 (40% more absorbent).

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Sanitary Protection Worn Internally

So discreet • So comfortable • So much cooler

THAT BATH TUB RHYTHM CAN KEEP YOU FIT

By Joseph Edmundson

MISS ZIPP, the fun-to-be-fit girl, rarely takes a hot bath and never has a cold one! Strange? Not at all. She knows that too many really hot baths sap away vitality and that feeling of zest and vigour, while the only real value of a cold bath is the doubtful pleasure of being able to brag that you've had one.

But tepid-to-warm baths? Yes. Every day, with the tonic and invigorating addition of a brisk rub down followed by five minutes of her fun-to-be-fit activities.

Then she is more than ready for what the day may bring.

Bath time should be Zipp time for YOU too. Try these simple exercises in the warmth of the bathroom and start the day well.

First, lie on the same spot with the whole body as loose and relaxed as possible.

Let the arms flap loosely about for a few moments, then, hardly moving the feet, "jiggle" the whole of your body; shrug your shoulders; shake your arms and legs and flap each foot about as if you were trying to shake off a pair of slippers.

Next try the Figure Eight Swing.

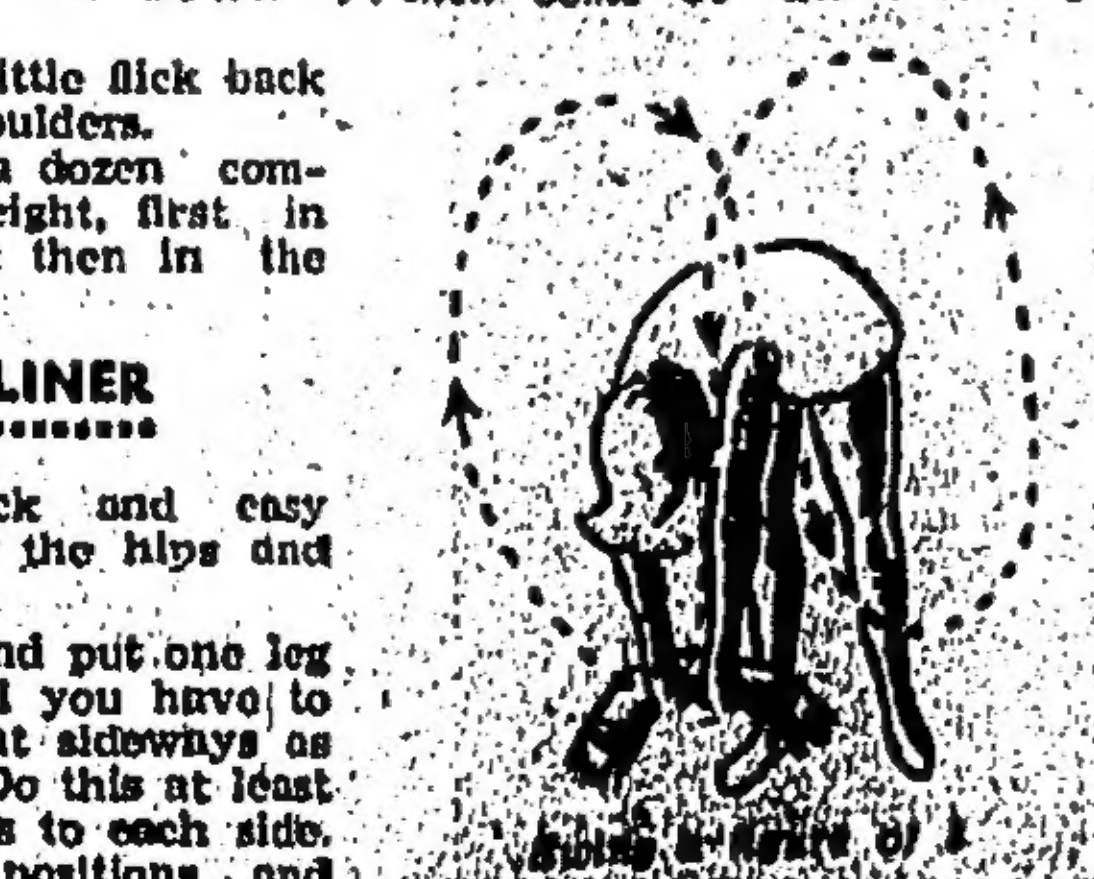
Hold your toes with the hands apart and drop the trunk down, quite relaxed. (Lower legs and feet.)

Now swing the trunk from side to side, keeping the legs and feet steady. Swing the trunk from side to side, keeping the legs and feet steady.

Get a nice, easy, swinging motion going. Then, keeping the legs and feet steady, swing the trunk from side to side, keeping the legs and feet steady.



Lie DOWN... then come UP with a swing



Stretch a little of it



Stretch a little of it

NESCAFÉ
NESTLÉ'S SOLUBLE COFFEE POWDER

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THE IDEAL INFANT FOOD

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Products sold by Nestlé's are of the highest quality and manufactured under the most hygienic conditions. The Nestlé Trademark is your guarantee of purity and quality.

NESTLÉ'S

"There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey."



LT-COL H. F. Trewby, MBE, with some of his officers and their ladies at the 12th anniversary ball of the Corps of Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

LEFT: Mrs. R. B. Black, wife of His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, visited a number of schools on the island early this week. Top picture shows her at the Maryknoll Primary School at Chai Wan. Lower picture was taken at the Canadian Convent School in Shaukiwan. (Staff Photographer)



AT St. Anthony's Church after their wedding on Tuesday—Mr. Pedro Lourenzo, Malig and Miss Daisy Brown. (Staff Photographer)

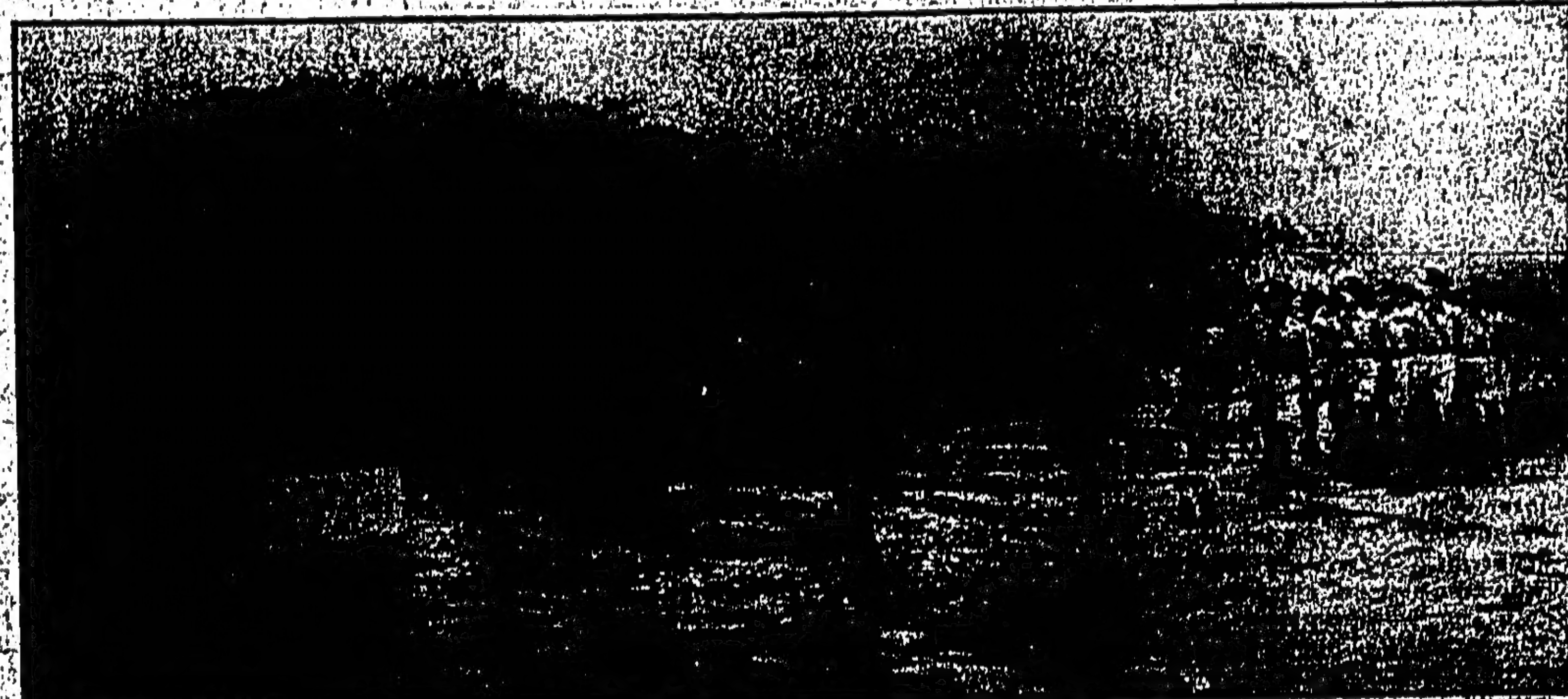
RIGHT: After opening the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation's new Chinese staff quarters in Blue Pool Road, Mrs. M. W. Turner, wife of the Chief Manager, is presented with a gold and ivory seal by Miss Jean Lee. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: No. 2 Contingent of the Special Constabulary on parade in camp last Saturday. Leading the parade is Mr. M. Gottfried, ASP(S), Adjutant of the Special Constabulary and Commandant of the camp. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Michaelmas Fair of St John's Cathedral, held at Murray Parade Ground last Saturday. From left: Dean Temple, Mr Fung Ping-fan, Mrs Gould and the Hon. Mr Justice T.J. Gould. On the left, enthusiasts test their marksmanship at the miniature range. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Group picture taken at the wedding of Mr David Lam, son of Mr and Mrs Lam Chi-fung, and Miss Dorothy Tam. (Mayfair)



Next week —

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by Lyle & Scott

and

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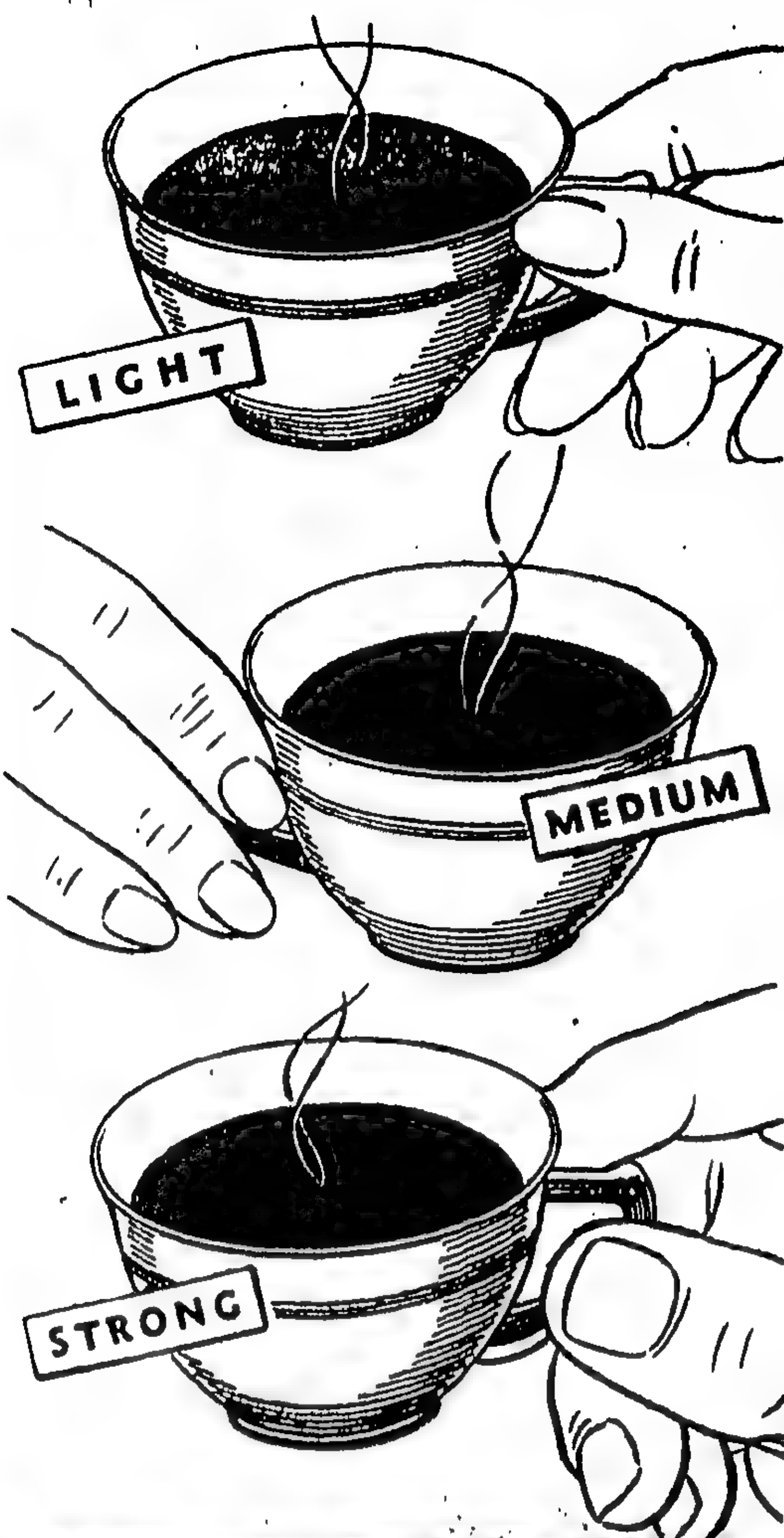
— blouses • slips • nighties
bed jackets • pyjamas etc.

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alone can offer...

***NESCAFÉ** is always coffee as you like it



NESCAFÉ



an END to BROKEN, BRITTLE NAILS

with the NEW sister product of CUTIPEN cuticle remover.

NUTRIL is the new nail conditioner, grows long, strong, tapering nails that cannot split or break. This is not only in the "cuticle" but in the nail itself. Nutril is a vitamin-rich oil, but in the method of applying it with the exclusive massage hand.

Just press the barrel and the conditioning oil is fed slowly to the nail bed, which works it from the root under the cuticle. This is the vital spot where the new nail is forming. Nutril makes it grow healthy and firm from the start.

Nutril's "lock-on" application and the service in the hand.

Change your nail care and condition with a daily treatment of Nutril.

Complete, ready to use, HK\$ 2.70
Push-up refills, HK\$ 1.50
(Scented) for the bathroom

Available at Chemists, Hair and Nail Salons, and Beauty Parlors.

See Advertisers' List on Page 18

Your Refrigerator Needs A Weekly Cleaning

By ELEANOR ROSS

JUST because a refrigerator generally looks shining clean, that's no guarantee that it is clean. For what the eye doesn't see is mould growth that can, and often does, form in the presence of food.

This condition can cause food spoilage—and thus deplete the family food budget. And during the warm weather, when the refrigerator gets a really hard workout, it is doubly important to be vigilant in its care.

Scientific research which has exposed the presence of such mould growth in an apparently clean refrigerator has also proved that soap and water cleaning both prevents the mould from forming and removes it, once it is present.

So there you have the basic reason for the home economist's urgent advice to wash your refrigerator inside and out at least once a week.

While food spoilage is an expensive habit, it can lead to much more serious consequences, since it is a potential hazard to health. Fortunately, the weekly refrigerator cleaning helps eliminate such risks, keeping the refrigerator sweet and clean as it should be.

TECHNIQUE TO FOLLOW
For a thorough job turn off the cooling unit and remove ice trays and frozen foods. Set a pan of hot water in the freezing unit.

Set perishable foods on top of ice taken from trays. Then take all other foods, shelves, racks, bins and other removable parts from refrigerator.

Use hands, not a sharp instrument, to help dislodge ice

crust; when all is melted, wash out compartment thoroughly with warm soapsuds. Rinse well and dry.

Use warm suds to wash the inside wall, door and floor. Be sure to suds off the rubber gasket that keeps the door airtight. Pay special attention to food spills.

When the thorough washing job is finished, rinse and wipe dry. After sudsing and rinsing the exterior, a waxing will preserve the gloss and protect the finish.

Now, suds and rinse all removable refrigerator parts in the sink.

CARE OF ICE TRAYS

For the ice trays, avoid hot water, which removes the anti-surface that adds the cubes to slide out of trays and the trays to slide in and out of their compartments. Use only warm water, too, on the glass storage covers to prevent cracking from temperature extremes.

To get at every crevice of trays, racks and shelves, use a soft brush. Dry each part well before replacing. Wipe food containers clean before replacing. Don't be afraid to scrub plastic containers as they can take hot suds.

When arranging items in the refrigerator, try to see that there is as much air circulation as possible. And don't overload, since overcrowding impairs efficiency.

In order to keep the refrigerator really clean, wash vegetables before storing in crisper, and rewrap unfrozen foods in clean wax paper. Store paper has, of necessity, been pretty much handled before it gets home!

How To Make Satisfying Entree Salads

By Ida Bailey Allen

THE name "entree salad" is new, coined to fit these changing times, when a substantial salad plate is often served as the entree or main dinner dish on a warm day.

Changes In Skin Moles

By H. N. Bundeson, M.D.

A HARMLESS mole on the body may undergo changes that can be the forerunner of cancer. The average adult, it is estimated, has during his life time at least 20 moles, or nevi as they are known medically, distributed over his skin surface. About 20 percent of all skin cancers come from a disease known as malignant melanoma which may develop from these moles.

Usually these moles are pigmented or colored. When a mole shows rapid enlargement, or the colour becomes deeper, or it develops a tendency to bleed easily, it may be turning into a cancer or malignancy.

When this happens, a person should consult his doctor immediately. He will remove the entire mole and have it examined under a microscope in order to determine whether there are any cancerous changes. Cancerous changes are more common at the lower part of the body, especially around the feet or the sexual organs. However, they may occur any place in the body.

Moles may vary in appearance from smooth brown spots to elevated, tumour-like projections. The area may be hairy and quite large.

Any change in the mole, of course, should have prompt attention. Just because the mole does not contain any pigmentation or coloration, this does not mean it is not cancerous. It may be a cancerous mole, and it may be a cancerous mole.

"At first," the Chef explained, "some men objected to this innovation. But when their wives made up plenty of substantial salad—enough for seconds—and provided plenty of other interesting foods in the meal, they became enthusiastic. However, I repeat, the entree salad must be made very satisfying."

"Any combination of meat or fish with salad ingredients and a snappy dressing tastes good, Chef."

"For example, flaked salmon or tuna, or small-diced chicken, lamb, beef or pork, with half the quantity of cooked cut green beans, peas, or mixed vegetables."

"Add thin-sliced celery, sliced radishes or scallions, a few shakes of monosodium glutamate to bring out the flavours. French dressing to moisten, and mayonnaise or salad dressing to blend. Stir a little curry, Worcestershire or powdered mustard into the French dressing, if you like."

"Serve on a bed of shredded lettuce which has been tossed with French dressing."

DINNER

Pea Soup Potato Chips
Salmon and Vegetable Salad Platter with Pearl Mayonnaise
Sliced Tomatoes
Roast-Baked Potatoes
Cherry Cake
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk
All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve 4 to 6

Pearl Mayonnaise (This is unique as it contains no eggs, is white in colour, yet has richness comparable to that of regulation mayonnaise.)

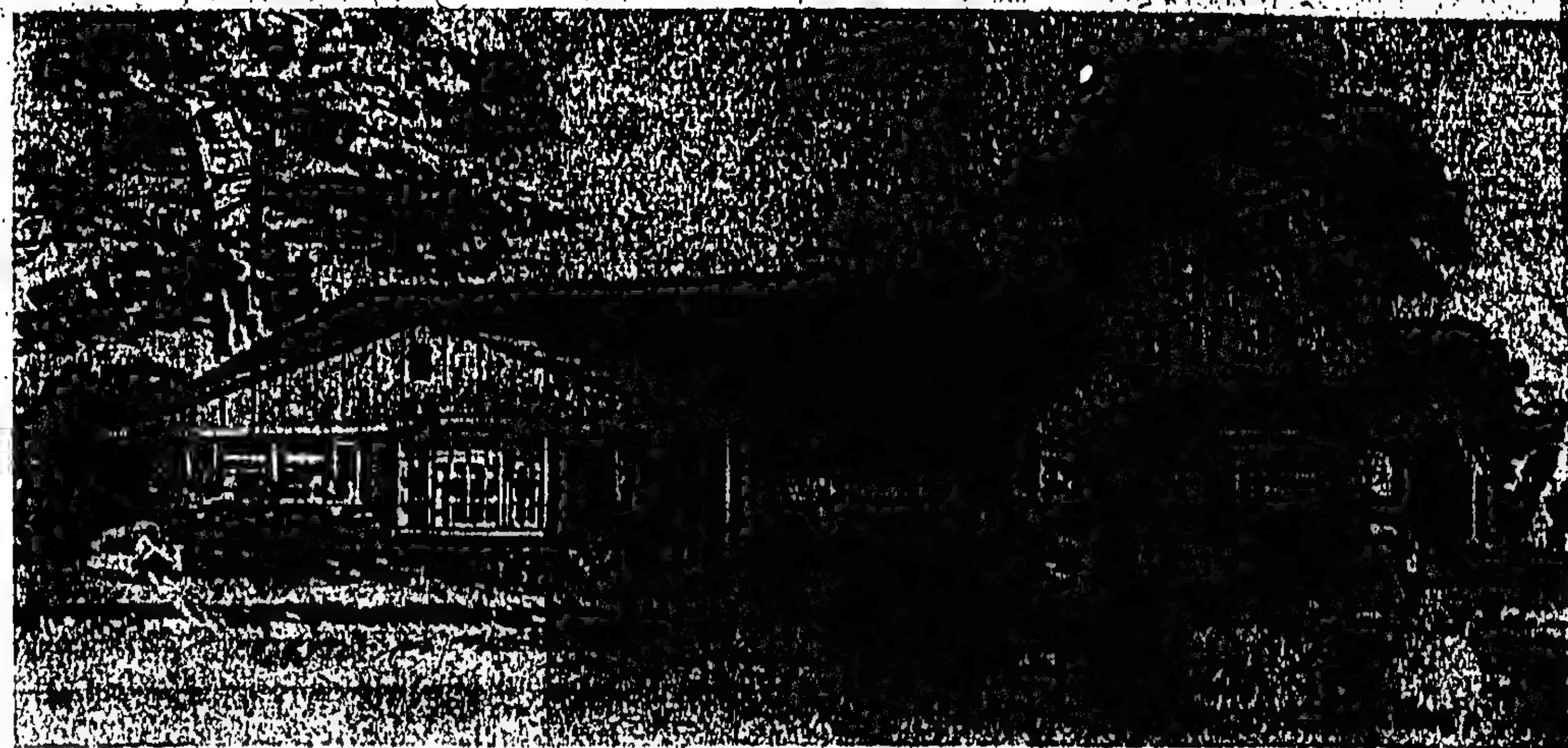
In a small deep bowl, combine ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper and 1/8 tsp. powdered mustard. Stir in 3 tbsp. undiluted milk. Gradually beat in ¼ c. olive or salad oil, adding 1 tsp. at a time in the beginning. Last, beat in 2 tbsp. cider vinegar.

Cherry Cake Stir together 1 c. already-sifted enriched flour, 1/2 tsp. baking powder, 1/4 tsp. salt, and 1/2 cup sugar. Add 1 1/2 cups cherries, chopped, with 1/2 cup raisins. Mix with 1/2 cup butter or margarine. Bake in 11-in. pie pan, 350° F., for 15 min. in preheated oven. Serve halved with ice cream.

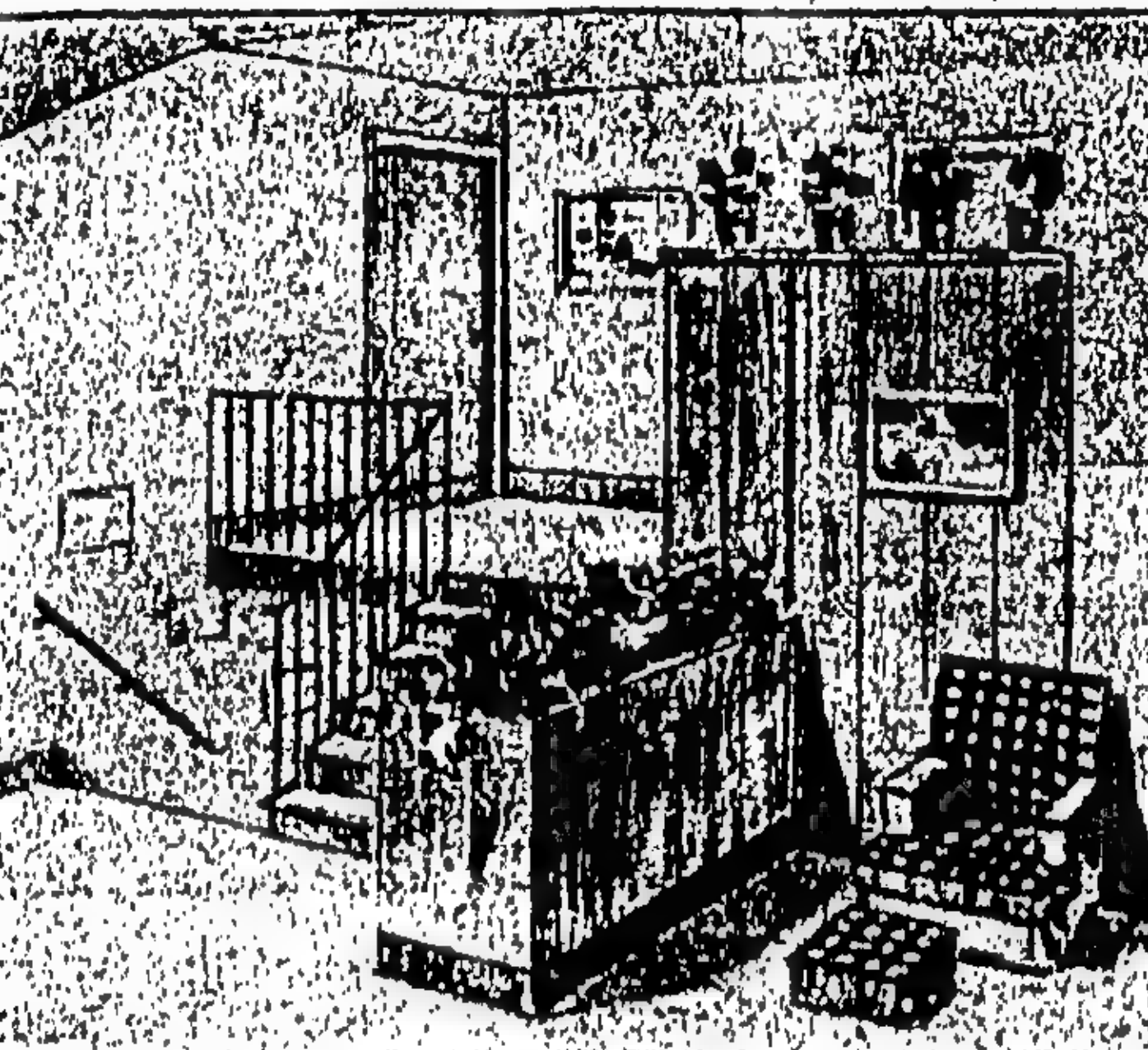
TAKE OF THE CHEF
The chef's secret is to make the salad as satisfying as possible. The chef's secret is to make the salad as satisfying as possible.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

PLANNED WITH TWO PORCHES



THIS HOME almost looks like a ranch design, but it's not. The front of the house is all on one level, while the back half of the dwelling is a double-decker, the top level given over to bedrooms, the lower level taken up by a recreation room and a large back porch area.



A PLANTING BOX makes the stairway decorative. Six steps lead up to the bedrooms, another flight goes down to the recreation room.

By Joan O'Sullivan

HERE'S a home with all the efficiency and livability of a split level but minus the awkward exterior so many multi-level dwellings have. That's because, in this plan, the front of the home is all on one level, while the back of the house is a double-decker plan—an upper level of bedrooms, the lower level taken over by a large recreation room.

The home is planned with many extras, including two porches that make it especially delightful in the good weather months.

A Sunken Garden

One porch is on the main level, just off the large living room. The other porch, on the lower level, looks out on a sunken garden and is accessible from the recreation room.

When you enter the house, K-362-KF, you step into a small vestibule complete with a guest closet, and then into the living room. Here, a fireplace provides cozy charm in winter. Next to it, a doorway leads to the private sitting porch, a summer delight.

To the left of the entry, there's a separate room for dining. It's a charming area with an attractive bay window and a built-in china closet.

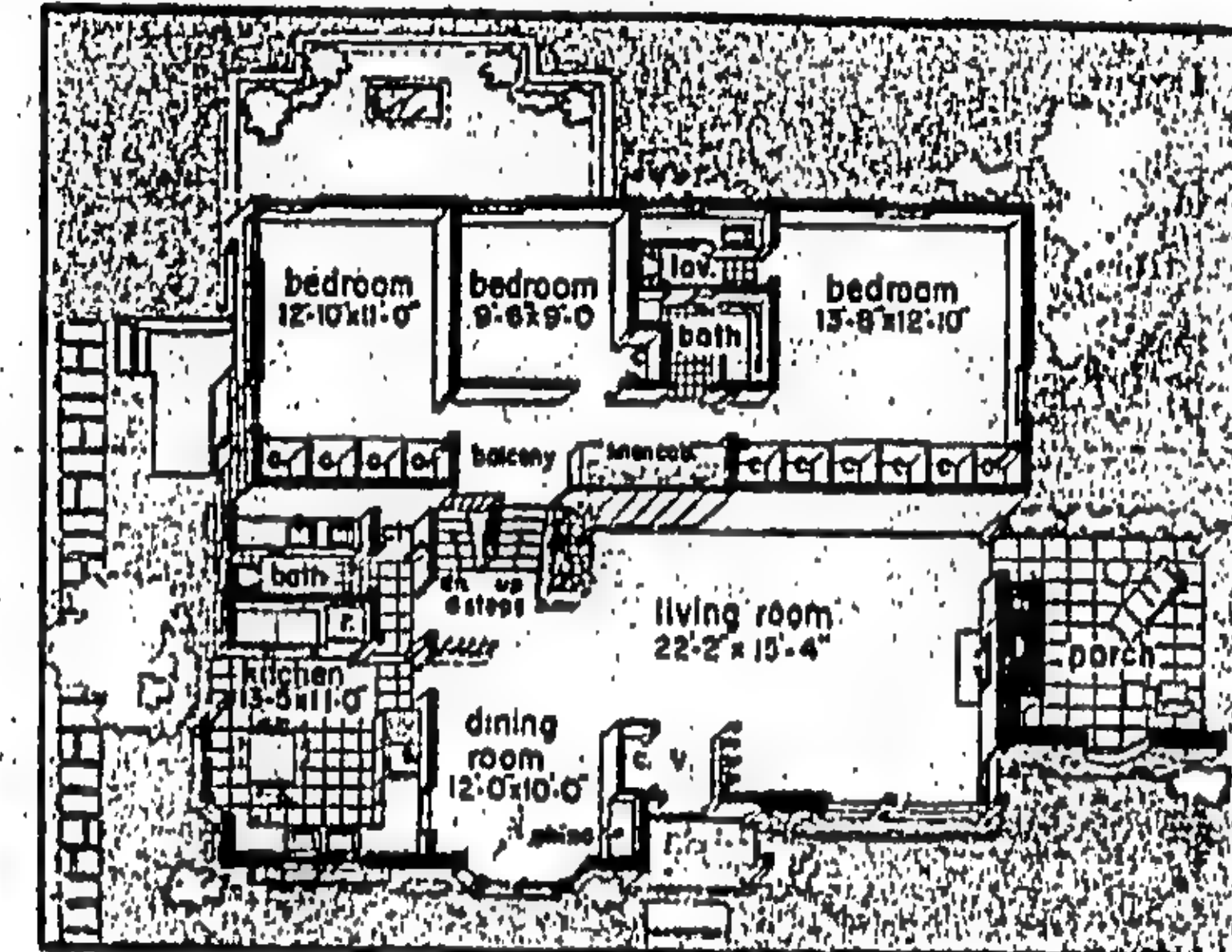
Closet Space

The kitchen, conveniently next to the dining room, has space for a breakfast table.

A bath completes the first level.

At one end of the living room, six steps lead up to the sleeping section, while another flight goes down to the recreation room. A plant box makes the stairway decorative.

There are three bedrooms on the upper level, each with its own closet. A linen cabinet and a large closet are also on this level.



ON THE TOP LEVEL, sleeping quarters have more than generous closet space, including eleven clothing closets and a linen cabinet.



YOU CAN SEE how delightful this plan is in summer. The rear porch, which is accessible from the spacious recreation room, looks out on grounds which include a sunken garden and a charming pool.

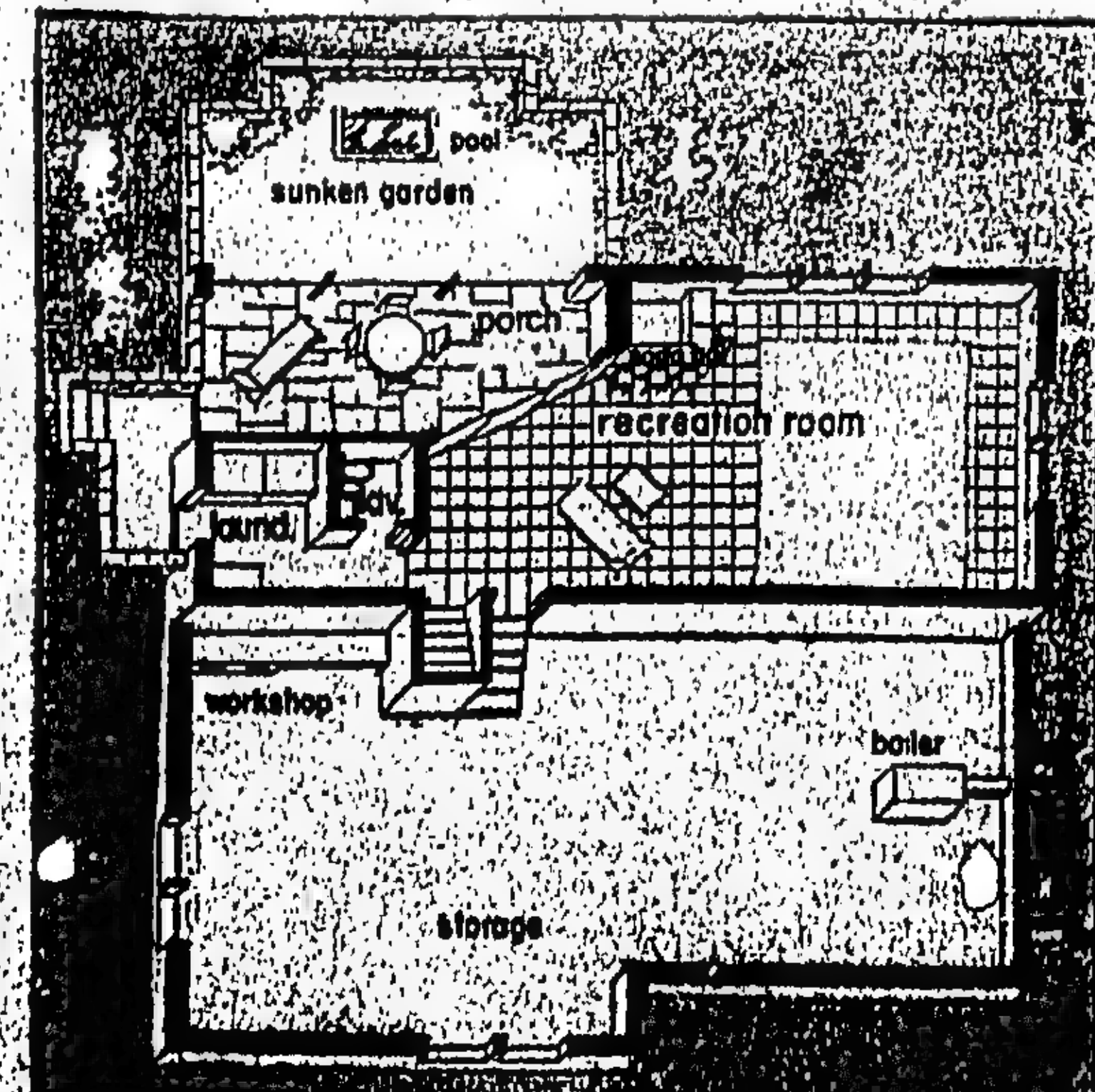
and from the master bedroom.

This top floor also has a huge linen cabinet and eleven closets. That's not surprising, however. If all the closets in this home were set end to end, they would cover more than a 43-foot length.

A huge recreation room is directly below the bedroom level. Planned with a soda bar, it's a second living room that's bound to be a popular family gathering spot. A delightful porch opens off this room. A laundry and a lavatory are also on this level.

Another short flight of steps down brings you to the basement, which has a workshop and a large area for storage.

The ground and first floors of K-362-KF comprise 1,415 square feet, excluding the porch, the recreation level, excluding the porch, takes up 548 square feet.



THE LOWER LEVEL has a laundry and lavatory, while the basement features a workshop corner and a storage room for storage.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

There are many household hints that can help you keep your home in top condition. Here are some of the most important ones:

- 1. Check your refrigerator regularly for leaks and clean it out.
- 2. Wash your hands frequently with soap and water.
- 3. Use a vacuum cleaner regularly to remove dust and dirt.
- 4. Check your smoke detectors and fire extinguishers.
- 5. Keep your gutters and roof clean.
- 6. Use a water filter to remove impurities from your drinking water.
- 7. Check your car's oil and tires regularly.
- 8. Use a dehumidifier to control humidity in your home.
- 9. Check your water heater for leaks and sediment.
- 10. Use a pest control service if you have a problem.



TELEVISION SITUATION

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

"The one hope of tyranny is that America and Britain will become estranged," says Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P. But, he adds:

Mr Howard and Mr Simms Need Have No Fear

ONE of my kindest and most loyal friends is the sprightly Roy Howard of New York. For years he was the head of the Scripps-Howard newspaper group which straddles America from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Now he has handed over the crown to his son Jack, a fine young fellow with a good war record, but I am not deeply impressed by the abdication of newspaper proprietors. Lord Beaverbrook, for example, no longer controls his newspapers. He announced it very loud and clear in print. Yet I have not heard of any of his editors telling him to go to blazes.

Therefore it is a matter of deep concern to us all that Roy Howard has lost faith in Great Britain.

He was a good friend to us in the Hitler war, but now he sees in us a nation that has lost its moral fibre, its pride, its valour and its judgment.

Surprising

It may have been nothing more than coincidence that Mr William Philip Simms, Foreign Editor of the Scripps-Howard group came to Europe recently and sent home a long dispatch which was published in their evening newspaper, the New York World-Telegram under the banner heading: "If Reds Bombed New York Allies Wouldn't Budge."

I do not suggest that Mr Simms was influenced directly or indirectly by Mr Roy Howard. It is surprising how often editors agree with the opinions of their proprietors. And, after all, you could hardly run a newspaper or a magazine on any other basis.

It was only a month before that Roy Howard wrote me a friendly note from somewhere in Europe regretting that he would not be visiting London this time. He gave as his reason that he could not bring himself to gaze upon a once great country that had sunk so low in character and purpose. However, he added, he had been to see me in New York in January (which he probably will) and thus indicated that his opinion would not be final.

"I doubt if we have a single ally we really could depend on if the Reds let fly with an atomic bomb on New York, London, Paris, and others to 'stay neutral'—or else."

"Europe is sick and tired. She will settle for even the bare illusion of a few years of peace."

"America's first line of defence is no longer Europe. It is in Detroit, Pittsburgh, Washington, New York, in the air over Canada and the North Pole. And Europe's first line of defence is in the same place."

Naivete

THEN he proposed that there should be a drastic reduction in U.S. foreign installations, a withdrawal of all but token forces and an end to the "give away" financial aid programme.

After which he proclaimed, with the naivete of a newly sprung debutante, "I am not suggesting that we should abandon our allies."

Well, that's damned decent of Mr Simms. When we read his dispatch, it was like a stern father telling his son that he would be cut off with a shilling, but that the parental love would remain unchanged. It could hardly be strange if the son replied in the English idiom: "Socks to you!"

One might have attributed Mr Simms' strange meanderings to a touch of the sun, but the weather, last summer, was terrible all over Europe. Therefore, we must assume that Mr Simms gave the matter deep thought and found that he agreed with Mr Howard.

Let us now put his arguments to the acid test. We shall assume that Russia has atom-bombed New York, and has simultaneously sent word to the British Government that we would not be attacked or harmed in any way if we remained neutral. The British Parliament calls an emergency meeting and Mr Eden, as Prime Minister, rises to make the opening speech.

Tension

CAREFULLY, laboriously, he recalls the long tension between America and Russia. The faint, he explains, is on "both sides" and certainly the Russians would have to bear the major share for the blame. But, he would so on, an atomic war is so unpredictable that it is the duty of those nations not directly concerned to stand apart, so as to be able to restore the shattered countries when the war comes to an end. His proposition would presumably be something of these lines. "It is not that we are too proud to fight. It is simply that as trustees of civilization we must keep Western Europe and the rest of the world detached from the conflict so that we can restore peace and tranquillity to the world."

That Russia, perhaps in conjunction with Germany, can take Europe when their clutching fingers are ready.

Agreement or no agreement, we would not and could not stand aside. At its lowest it would be an act of lunacy. At its best it would be an act of cowardice and shame.

"How can a journalist of Mr Simms' standing so misread the British nation? It is all very well to shout 'Munich,' but we had not given Czechoslovakia any guarantee. It is perhaps interesting to recall that before Munich the Dominion governments informed Britain that they would not necessarily support Britain in a war over the Sudetan territory of Czechoslovakia. As for Washington, the silence could be felt."

Our pledge then was to France, and Britain keeps her pledges. How was it that Britain gave the world a virtual hundred years of peace between Waterloo and the 1914 war, except that Britain's word was doubted neither by her enemies nor her friends.

It is possible that both Mr Howard and Mr Simms have taken too seriously the anti-American speeches of some British Socialist M.P.s. But these two American journalists are experienced enough to know that America is the ideological enemy of Socialism and Communism. The prosperity of the USA in raising the wages rate of the workers to a height beyond the dream of the left wingers is a rebuff to the Socialist faith. That is not only unavoidable but understandable.

Impoverished

AND on the Conservative side, the Americans should realize that a great power like Britain, impoverished by two world wars, must be allowed a certain jealousy of the nation that has superseded it as the greatest power. This is nothing more or less than human nature expressing itself in the most normal terms.

Mr Simms thinks that we dislike Americans. Quite wrongly, we like them and we dislike others. There is nothing I enjoy more than showing American visitors over the House of Parliament but at times I wonder why their young sons to wear shirts down to their knees and look like juvenile delinquents. Is that petty? Probably. But every tourist is an ambassador for his native country, and ambassadors should always take into account the susceptibilities and peculiarities of their hosts.

Our cinemas depend for their prosperity on the British liking for Hollywood. Think of nearly fifteen years past greatest theatre, Drury Lane, has housed the operas of Rodgers and Hammerstein. American stars frequently make the bill at the Royal Theatre. When an American film comes here it is a big event.

William Hickey

A COCKNEY BOROUGH GETS ITS MACE

LONDON. I MIGHT have known it would happen in Bermondsey, that cockney borough. Alderman Goodwin was making a grave speech in the Town Hall. He referred to the borough's motto and said that a free translation would be: "Craftsmanship profits the people."

It was then that all the lights in the hall went out.

It was a difficult moment.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Noel Bowater, who had come along for the presentation of a mace, remained impassive. So did the other dignitaries grouped alongside.

But a murmur ran through the hall.

I wished it had risen to a laugh. To a great, roaring, relishing laugh. It would have been cockney. Bermondsey—the sort of spirit the people there showed during the blitz when their cottages and factories were being razed to the ground.

But Bermondsey—at any rate official Bermondsey—was very dignified and very grand. There was a row of large cars outside the town hall. There were robes and fur and uniforms.

The whole business was strange, unaccountable—and English. Bermondsey—a solid Socialist area—has not had a mace. And it's clear it has worried the local council.

I suppose its members felt that in some way Bermondsey was left out of things because it hadn't got a mace.

I have no doubt that when other metropolitan mayors got together with Bermondsey there was an unspoken thought: "They haven't got a mace. Why should they want a mace? What use is a mace?"

Gift of a bauble

THAT strange device started off a knobby weapon used in way by the clergy because it crushed rather than opened an opponent's body. And there were rules against the clergy shedding blood.

And then it developed into a highly ornamented symbol of power. A mace was carried before kings and mayors. And as we all know Cromwell put an end to a Parliament by having a similar "bauble" taken away.

But Bermondsey, though it is controlled by forward-looking men of the Left, wanted a bauble.

And Sir Harry Methven, a local industrialist who has done much good work in the borough, has come to its aid.

He has had a beautiful gift mace made for Bermondsey.

And the council, headed by the mayor, Councillor E. J. George, put on a fine show for the presentation. There were four trumpeters of the Life Guards. And bowls of gladioli in the windows.

Periclean touch

GOODWIN made a good speech after the ceremony was over.

He spoke of Bermondsey's sense of community. And how rare it is now for a London borough to have that feeling of belonging.

He quoted Pericles, the Athenian: "Let us draw strength from the busy spectacle of our great city."

It was all very fine—even if it was rather high-flown. It seemed rather distant from shops selling fish and chips and jellied eels.

Still, it's the sort of people who use those shops who have been elected to the council. And they wanted a mace. Well, they've got one now. I hope they are happy.

Stepten will be all out for a coach-and-four for its mayor next.

Abacus speed

AFTER Dockland in the City in the afternoon. The Euph Bank of Japan was opening new offices in Finsbury Circus.

I must say it was pleasant to go into the bank. It was so different from a visit to my bank.

The manager smiled. The cashier and clerks smiled. There were drinks and sandwiches. There were great bowls of flowers.

The whole affair was so friendly that I almost asked for a permanent loan. I realised I was in a particularly good way at the moment.

I once used to overlook a Japanese bank. And used to be snarled at their business with the abacus. I realised I was in a particularly good way at the moment. I once used to overlook a Japanese bank. And used to be snarled at their business with the abacus. I realised I was in a particularly good way at the moment.

"The trouble is," he confided to me later, "that the Japanese become so dependent on the abacus they cannot make the simplest calculations without its help."

"They need an abacus to tot up the price of a drink, a packet of cigarettes, and a box of matches."

Chrysanthemums

I DISCUSSED the chrysanthemums with Mr Shinshita—every Japanese is an expert on the flower which is their national emblem.

I am told their temples look magnificent with these flowers scattered round the shrines. Pouring me another glass of sake he explained that the three large symbols on the bottle meant pine, bamboo, and plum-trees. They all express good will.

There were plenty of City men enjoying the Japanese good will.

The old British tradition—trade must go on, whatever the past—is a sound one.

But you can't help wishing that the Japanese had a few years back shown a little more "pine, bamboo, and plum-tree."

Link with Gilbert

MR A. E. MATTHEWS, who will be 85 in November, is becoming a valuable link with the past. He was the first man that he used to spend weekends with Gilbert—the Gilbert of Gilbert and Sullivan.

He had read my notes on the party given to mark the new season at the Savoy.

"What is more," said Matthews, "I used to ride in the Row with Lady Gilbert."

What a wonderful remark that was! It conjured up that clearly, graceful world before the first world war when everyone who was anybody rode or drove along the Row—during the Season only, of course.

Matthews told me what a shock the death of Gilbert was. "Sir William," as he was by then, was drowned in a swimming-pool in 1911. He was trying to save a young girl from drowning.

"I fell down and cut my forehead last Saturday," said Matthews. "But I got it patched up and got to the theatre all right. They had to dab my head all through the performance."

"But I have never missed a performance."

The silent tuba

GERARD HOFFMUNG, the artist, plays the tuba in his spare time.

His great moment came the other evening at a concert in London where the orchestra was playing Strauss's symphonic poem "Don Quixote." It has a special passage for the tuba.

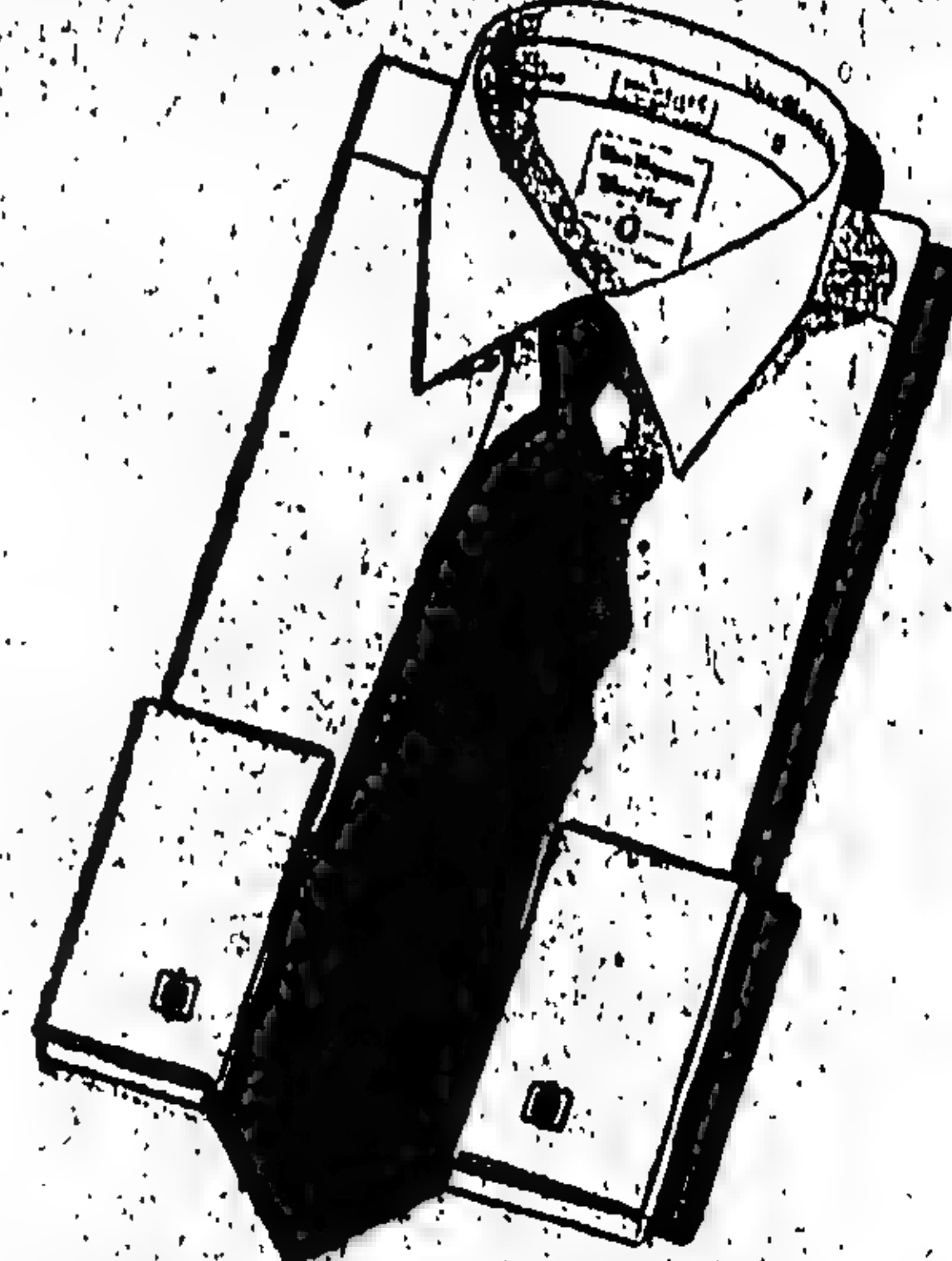
The conductor beckoned to Hoffmung when his time came. But no sound emerged from the tuba. Hoffmung shook it—at first gently, then with desperation.

Still no sound. The orchestra carried on without the tuba.

As Hoffmung was putting his tuba sadly away he found a cloth had dropped into the barrel of the instrument.

And as he pulled it out he heard a woman trombonist calling out: "Has anyone seen my hand-towel?"

A shirt of character



The easy style Van Heusen 'Harding' Brand shirt is in fine poplin, fully shirred. The unbreakable neckband is worn on the curve, like the Van Heusen collar—for which it is expressly designed. Cuffs, too, are of Van Heusen semi-soft fabric. A shirt whose unblemished character is evident in every stitch.

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POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

Love was such a waste of time for the impatient Napoleon

NAPOLÉON'S LETTERS.
Translated and edited by
J. M. Thompson. Dent.
6s. 313 pages.

NAPOLÉON'S letters are a shaft of light upon a fascinating and powerful personality. They are rarely the outpourings of a heart. They are not quite honest.

The Emperor is arguing a case, urging a policy, forcing himself and his wishes on his correspondent. He is curt, but rhetorical; overbearing.

His letters to his family read like unfavourable school reports; those to his wife like despatches; his love letters are like orders scribbled in battle. His ideal of literary style ("What I want is hard reasoning, not picturesque-ness") is seen in his own writing. He offers the throne of Spain to his brother thus:

"Reply to me categorically. If I name you King of Spain do you agree? Answer in these two phrases: 'I have received your letter. I reply Yes — or No.'"

In a hurry

He is capable—just because he is a great man in a great hurry—of throwing off a memorable phrase: "An army is like a people that obeys." "Courage is like love: it feeds on hope." "I have an income of 100,000 men." "A woman needs only six months of Paris to know what is due to her."

His tastes are decided and commonplace. He dislikes Shakespeare; admires "Ossian" (a bogus Celtic epic); in Italian, his test of merit in art is accuracy; in architecture, size; in literature, the Pyramids to nothing else. His favourite animal appears to have been the elephant.

His attitude to women is prudish and Latin; above all, they must be decorous. Impatient rather than eloquent in love, he seems to be annoyed "Fat an impetuous feline; era waste so much of his time."

His first letter to Josephine speaks, however, with the true cunning of passion: "Till then a thousand kisses, but give me none back, for they set my blood on fire." And what could be better calculated to gain its purpose than the bombardment of notes that he rained on the Polish beauty, Marie Walewska: "I saw no one but you, I admired no one but you, I wanted no one but you. Answer me at once, and assuage the impatient passion of N."

A day or two later: "Didn't you like me, Madame? I had reason to hope you might. Or perhaps I was wrong. Whilst

BOOKS

by **GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON**

my ardour is increasing, yours is slackening its pace. You are ruining my repose!"

As it chanced, Marie had already decided to sacrifice her virtue for Poland's sake. But to such tender themes only a trifling proportion of these letters belongs.

Between campaigns the Emperor's mind ranges furiously about his dominions; a new history gives insufficient praise to his victories: "Have the book suppressed." The libretto of a new opera is insane; the Chancellor gets a rebuke: "People complain that we have no literature: it is the fault of the Home Secretary."

The clergy discourage Sunday work and are given a lesson in theology: "It is contrary to Divine Law to prevent men, who have Sunday needs as well as week-day needs, working on Sundays to earn their daily bread. Besides, the besetting sin of the French people is not overwork."

'No men'

The master of Europe, in his headquarters in Finkensteln, works out a detailed scheme for a new girls' school, down to the food (soup, boiled beef), clothing, the insistence on religion; above all, "No man must ever enter within the walls. Even the gardening must be done by women. The headmistress herself must not be allowed to

receive men, except in the parlour."

His sister Eliza is ordered to have no English cotton or muslin at her court; his naughty sister Pauline is ordered to love her husband; his brother Louis receives a thunderous rebuke for restoring the privileges of the nobility in his kingdom of Holland: "Haven't you sense enough to see that if your claim to the Dutch throne were to rest on noble blood, you would be at the bottom of the list."

Brother Jerome gets the same treatment: "You owe the bank two millions. Sell your furniture, sell your horses, sell your jewellery, and pay your debts."

One scheme occupies the mind of this extraordinary being over the years: the preparation of a special portable library, first intended to contain 1,000 volumes, later enlarged to comprise 2,000 books on history alone. A few days after Waterloo, Napoleon writes to his librarian to have the library up to date with books on the United States, and sent to an American port.

Then to bed

The letters were dictated, at lightning speed, usually in the early morning. The Emperor opened the incoming letters with his own hand; those needing no answer he threw joyfully on the floor. After dealing with his mail he would take a hot bath, and go back to bed.

This selection of the letters, (300 out of, maybe, 50,000) is rendered into vigorous English. Each letter is an urgent assault on the attention. The final effect is of a panorama of energy.

LIBRARY LIST

● **TREASURE DIVING HOLIDAYS.** By Jane and Barney Crie. Collins. 18s. 256 pages.

More underwater adventures; mostly in the Caribbean this time. An American surgeon and his family go hunting for treasure among the reefs and wrecks of the Florida Keys. Fun is plentiful: gold ingots are scarce.

● **GRAND MAN.** By Nancy Cunard. Secker and Warburg. 25s. 317 pages.

Affectionate, revealing portrait of the late Norman Douglas, the

eccentric novelist who loved nobody over the age of 14. Unfortunately Nancy Cunard writes more than half of her book in the form of an imaginary letter to its subject. An awkward and tedious convention.

● **THE SPY WEB.** By Francis Noel-Baker. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. 203 pages.

A group of true-life Soviet spy stories, illustrating the general pattern of a worldwide network of espionage.

WAS THE WORLD HAPPIER IN 1854 THAN IN 1954?

By John Chisholm

I REMEMBER being taken as a child to see an exhibition of Van Gogh's paintings. When we came to the first one, child-like, I stood very close. What a disappointment the picture was! Each brushstroke could be seen, quite plainly in the thick oil paint. Far from being a thing of beauty, the picture seemed not much better than my own daubings in the nursery. My Aunt, however, drew me gently back until the brush strokes faded into a background of beauty, where the delicate tints merged imperceptibly and perfectly with one another to form a rich and satisfying picture.

So it is with us in our daily lives. The petty annoyances, individual brush-strokes on life's canvas, occupy our minds to the exclusion of the general picture. We are too closely engaged in earning a living to appreciate our good fortune in being able to live as we do in 1954. Only when we take time to stand back and regard life objectively, merge into nothingness against the wider background. It is my opinion that the overall picture of life in 1854 is richer and more satisfying than it was in 1954, and I do not believe that the world was happier in 1854 than it is today. True, the world picture today is far from perfect, and although one war has ended, the threat of impending war is still with us. But so it has been through the ages, and in 1854 things were certainly no better.

In many countries there was discontent, hardship, suffering and poverty. In Europe there was unrest which in March, 1854, culminated in the outbreak of the Crimean War which involved Britain, France, and Turkey on one side, and Russia on the other. As the war progressed so the casualties rose, augmented by vast numbers struck down by infection and disease. The British troops were badly equipped to face up to the rigours of the Crimean winter. In addition the arrangements for supplying the troops with food and clothing were hopelessly inadequate and extremely dis-

organized. In the hospitals still and squalor walked hand in hand with poor medical care and corruption. Surgery was crude and unsatisfactory. Death, stopping by far too many beds, reaped a large harvest. Not until Florence Nightingale and her faithful nurses arrived did conditions improve. There wasn't much room for happiness in the Crimea in 1854.

One hundred years ago Britain led the world in Commerce, Industry, Science, and Medicine, so her people lived under better conditions than those of other nations. Despite this, however, life was far from ideal. True, the Industrial Revolution had brought prosperity to many, but it had also brought in its train misery and back-breaking toil. Women and children were employed in mines and factories to work twelve to fourteen hours a day for a mere pittance. Various Factory Acts sought to remedy this state of affairs, but by 1854 there was still much room for improvement. Due to the unenclosed machinery and lack of precautions, accidents were numerous. There was no Insurance Act to protect the workers who worked long and hard and were completely at the mercy of the employer.

As a consequence of the Industrial Revolution, large towns sprang into being without proper planning. The sanitary arrangements were non-existent or inadequate, and there was no water supply as the towns dweller of today knows it. Educational facilities were poor and there was no compulsion for children to attend school. The majority of the people were unable to purchase a newspaper due to the crippling newspaper tax. Voting was not conducted by secret ballot, and in order to vote a man had to climb up on to a platform and declare which candidate he was supporting. The various candidates employed gangs of thugs to beat up those who voted "incorrectly"; so people were afraid to vote. Women were not entitled to vote

and were fit only for ornamenting the drawing room or working in the kitchen, depending on their social level.

These were the conditions existing in Britain and she was the most powerful and prosperous nation at this time. People in other countries were less fortunate. In Russia, for example, the mass of the people were serfs, while in the East a feudal system influenced the way of life, and in Africa and America, coloured people were sold into slavery.

Nowadays the average person is materially better off than his ancestors of a century ago. He now has shorter working hours. Wages are much higher and holidays with pay are being granted by increasing numbers of employers. There is no denying that poverty is still to be found, but it is not so widespread as it was a hundred years ago.

On the health front conditions have improved beyond measure. Increase of scientific and medical knowledge, plus the enlightening of the public to the dangers of dirt and disease, have wrought marvels. Over the years, the death rate has progressively decreased. The man of today can expect to live ten years longer than his counterpart of one hundred years ago. We have X-rays, improved anaesthetics, antibiotics, sulphonamides, and countless inventions and improved techniques to help us combat disease. In addition the World Health Organisation is engaged in improving the health and welfare of all races and nations.

In the majority of countries voting is now done by secret ballot. Women are considered fit to vote in a steadily increasing number of countries. We and too that class distinction is much less severe than of former years and the average person enjoys greater personal freedom. Life has so much to offer us nowadays! We have innumerable inventions at our disposal, all of which were denied our ancestors of a hundred years ago. Journeys which once involved weeks of travel can be accomplished in a matter of days, while advances in Science and Medicine promise still better health and longer life. There are many who accuse my generation of being too materialistic and who charge us with neglecting spiritual values, but one hundred years ago Thomas Carlyle lashed his generation for its neglect of spiritual values in its hurried scramble after material wealth. Pessimists regard the invention of the Atomic and Hydrogen bombs with dismay, but to me they suggest the promise of peace rather than the fear of war, and the era of atomic power now dawning is something to look forward to and welcome as all progress should be welcomed.

As I have indicated, there was much unhappiness in the world in 1854, and while I am prepared to admit that there is much to be unhappy about in the world today, I maintain it is a better and happier place than it was a century ago. Opportunities were never greater! Never before has life been so well worth the living! To my mind the world was not happier in 1854 than it is in 1954.

BARBS

BY HAL COCHRAN

MATRIMONY makes it very easy for a man to find out what charming men his wife used to go out with.

There is no such thing as pure air, according to scientists. They should listen to the McCarthy hearings.

Home is where a man can do as he pleases when the wife is away.

A golfer can easily get a swelled head when he takes too many shots at the 19th hole.

Stop at most any old-looking head, and you'll have an inkling of what the kids mean when they say, "I haven't a thing to wear."

A scientist says that some day the people of the world will be toothless. That'll gum things up!

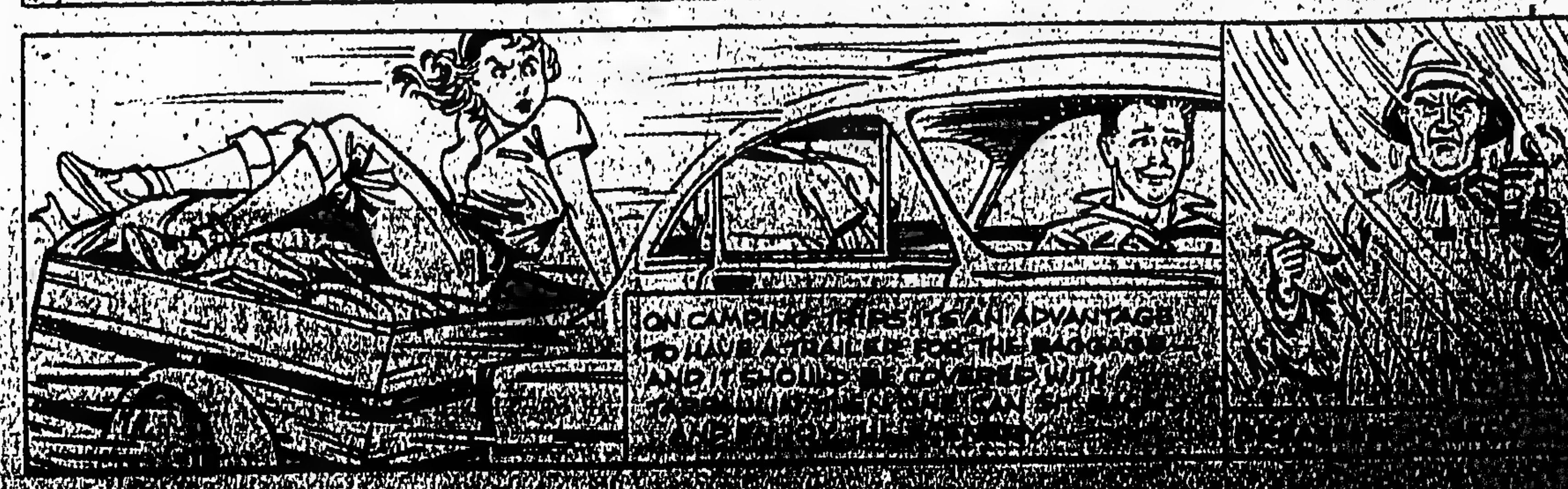
Working in a bank, you find that the only thing you have to do is count the money.

A scientist says that some day the people of the world will be toothless. That'll gum things up!

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Two Weeks Too Much

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB FIRST RACE MEETING

Saturday 9th October & Monday 11th October, 1954.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Ball will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. each day.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him. Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 12311).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each for the first day \$20.00 each for the second day and \$30.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5 D'Agular Street, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEPS

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 14th October 1954, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

The sale of these tickets will close on Friday 8th October at—
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon at 4.00 p.m.
5, D'Agular Street at 5.00 p.m.
Queen's Building, (Chater Road) at 6.00 p.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE PLACE COMING ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

THE MAN ON THE BENCH WAS BEING VERY LAVISHLY PRAISED

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Did you go along to any of the games in the Hongkong-Malaya series? If you did I wonder if you experienced the same feeling of frustration as I did when trying to identify the visiting players. Once before I commented that the introduction of numbers on the shirts of soccer players was intended to facilitate the identification of the players. Numbering forward and from right to left the TEAM POSITIONS were counted from 1 to 11 although due to his distinctive dress the goalkeeper was often left unembellished.

The practice of allotting numbers to individual players either alphabetically or on a travelling party basis may be useful to the team officials in distributing the playing kit, but it is nothing but annoying to the spectators who do not recognise the visitors or have no knowledge of the numbering code or the method of allocation.

If the situation was confusing to those close to a centre of reliable information at the ground, it must have been even more confusing to the spectators on the popular side.

The very fine souvenir programme issued for the occasion gave a full list of the visiting players but as it did not relate the names to the numbers it did not give much assistance in identification.

Incidentally for the second time at a big game I overheard spectators passing comment on the fine play of one of the visitors who was at that time sitting on the team bench right in front of them.

I believe that the local bodies who are responsible for a big game could do a great service to the football public either by requesting the visitors to adhere to the orthodox 1 to 11 numbering system or by issuing programme particulars of the numbers allotted to the members of a visiting party.

WENT UNNOTICED

An incident which took place during the recent Kitchener-Army match at Caroline Hill has apparently passed unnoticed and certainly as far as I know without comment. However, to place the incident in its correct prospective let me remind you of another similar incident that got wide publicity last season.

In the first meeting of All Hongkong and Djurgarden at the Club ground, the visiting centre-forward was allowed to go on from a position which appeared to be many yards off-side and score a goal which was confirmed by the referee as a legitimate counter.

The local players were filled with indignation at the award and during their protests one of the lineemen encroached on the playing field with the rather obvious intention of making comment on the decision.

Whatever the rights or wrongs of the referee's decision there was no doubt that the lineman was very definitely wrong in his action and I believe that the matter of his encroachment was discussed at length by the appropriate committee.

Now history has repeated itself. When the Army scored their equalising goal the Kitchener players protested—with considerable justification—that Morris had put the ball into the net with his fist.

The referee was close to the scorer and decided it was a goal and, in spite of all the protests of the Kitchener boys, he refused to even reconsider his decision.

Unnoticed during this time was the fact that the lineman who was nearest the incident had encroached onto the field of play and was in fact near the centre of the pitch when the referee made his final decision. It is probable that he was not going to be swayed by his decision. At this point the lineman gave up with a shrug and went back to his position on the touchline.

The job of the referee is already a difficult one and to maintain his position and authority he must be certain that he will get full co-operation from his brother officials during a game.

There is a right way and a wrong way for the lineman to indicate that he does not agree with a particular decision—the wrong way is to encroach onto the playing field.

The Djurgarden goal was, it is generally agreed, scored from an off-side position. The Army goal was quite definitely punched into the net, but in both cases the referee's decision stood.

There is no doubt that in each incident the lineman was probably with the best intention, trying to correct what he considered to be a wrong decision, but a careless act such as showing his disagreement in other than the approved way could lead to trouble on and around the field.

There is, however, a brighter side of this "consulting the line-man" business. A famous British referee recently revealed that right at the peak of excitement in a big game he was persuaded by the team captain to punish his lineman on a goal he had just awarded.

The referee walked over to the lineman and asked "Which train are you travelling back on tonight?" The lineman replied "The six twenty-five," whereupon the referee nodded his agreement, turned round, pointed dramatically to the centre of the field. Honour was satisfied (all round)—for as the referee remarked, "I never had the

slightest doubt about the legitimacy of the goal."

THIS WEEK'S GAMES
There is a very heavy schedule of games for this week and the full programme is as follows—

Today
KMB vs. Royal Navy at Caroline Hill, 5 p.m.
Club vs. South China at Club Stadium, 5 p.m.

Tomorrow
Kwong Wah vs. CAA at Club Stadium, 5 p.m.
Kitchener vs. R.A.F. at Caroline Hill, 5 p.m.

Monday
Double Tenth Charity Match
Combined Chinese vs. The Rest at Caroline Hill, 5 p.m.

Tuesday
St Joseph's vs. Sing Tao at Club Stadium, 5.45 p.m.
Wednesday
Eastern vs. Kwong Wah at Club Stadium, 5.45 p.m.
R.A.F. vs. K.M.B. at Caroline Hill, 5.45 p.m.
Navy vs. Club at Causeway Bay, 5.45 p.m.

Thursday
Sing Tao vs. Kitchener at Club Stadium, 5.45 p.m.
South China vs. Police at Caroline Hill, 5.45 p.m.
CAA vs. St Joseph's at Soekunpo, 5.45 p.m.

FRIDE OF PLACE
Pride of place in this programme must go to the Charity Match at Caroline Hill on Monday. This is usually an entertaining game and while this Rest side is not exactly the ingredients of a healthy hard-fighting team and it, the players take little legitimate pride they should give a good account of themselves.

The Combined Chinese will, of course, enjoy the great advantage of having played together before and on the balance of available knowledge they must be considered likely winners.

In the list of League engagements there are several interesting games. This afternoon South China are in action against Club and, after the good showing of the Happy Valley boys against the Army, Tong Sheung and his mates will not be able to take anything for granted.

KMB should have little trouble disposing of the Navy and seem assured of keeping their high position in the League. Kitchener and Kwong Wah should also maintain their progress against R.A.F. and CAA tomorrow as neither side has settled down to any show of consistent form.

The Sing Tao-Saints match on Tuesday could be a very close affair but if Hornhill has recovered from his recent injury the Tigers should get the points.

Kwong Wah should dispose of Eastern when they meet on Wednesday. The Services side, Navy and R.A.F. both look to be in tight corners when they meet Club and KMB on Wednesday and their search for points may be a fruitless one.

There will be plenty of interest in the Sing Tao-Kitchener meeting next Thursday and there is certain to be a good crowd for this event.

Judged on past form Kitchener look likely winners but the Tigers have recruited some clever players and they may make the Saints' Saints holders fight every inch of the way.

In the last two games in the programme South China and St Joseph's should collect the points at the expense of Police and CAA respectively.

SPORTING EAM

By REG. WOODHILL



LEAGUE CRICKET

Optimists Play KCC In This Afternoon's Best Attraction

By "OWZAT"

The Hongkong Cricket Club "Optimists", Army North and Navy first eleven enter this fray this afternoon as the Cricket League moves into its second week after a bright opening last week-end.

To the "Optimists" and the Army North in particular will be entrusted the task of serving local enthusiasts with the best games of the afternoon.

The Optimists, who have always been among the top contenders every past season, will have again a reputable side, and on their best days are capable of even greater potentialities than their more favoured teammates, the Scorpions.

This afternoon, they will be at home at Chater Road to Kowloon Cricket Club in what should be the top game of the afternoon.

The Optimists will field only two newcomers in J. Pickstone and A. M. Bruce. Pickstone showed up well with the bat and ball in the pre-season trial games and will undoubtedly be a great asset to the team, while Bruce still remains to be tried.

On paper the Optimists seem to be much stronger in the bowling department with Pritchard, Mahon, Spink, Pickstone, Hubble and Kilbee than in batting.

Kowloon Cricket Club scored a resounding triumph over Recreio last week when they skittled out the Portuguese Club for a total of only 81 runs. Although it was a good win, it did not show up the KCC batsmen too well, only Heron being prominent with a knock of 46 runs out of a total of 88.

With two Gosnolls, Luigi and Eddie, on the absent list, Recreio's batting showed considerable weakening. However, Cannell's feat of taking six wickets for 12 runs was a creditable one and gives promise of similar if not better things to come.

Both the Optimists and Kowloon Cricket Club are fairly even in attacking strength and the issue will likely rest on the side with better batting form, in which Optimists seem to be slightly the superior.

Most of the wickets in the Colony last week showed signs of early wear and the toss will probably still play an important factor, with the advantage going to the early batsmen.

The Royal Air Force opened their season last Saturday with an impressive display of bowling power. With an assorted array of five bowlers against them, University could only total 74 runs against the airman.

However, the airman will be faced with a different kind of proposition this afternoon when they cross over to Soekunpo to meet Army North. Most of the Army North members are

MCCARTHY NOT READY FOR RAY FAMECHON

Sammy McCarthy, British featherweight champion, has declined an offer to be nominated for a European title fight with the holder, Ray Farnham. McCarthy has beaten Farnham once and we are not yet ready for McCarthy to tackle him again, says McCarthy's manager, Jack King. McCarthy's last fight was on November 1st at Haringey when McCarthy was a clear points winner over ten rounds. (London Express Service)

newcomers to local League cricket but it will not be surprising to see a few of them making their names in this League very early in the season.

On the performances of the soldiers against local elevens in recent friendly games the odds seem to be strongly in favour of the airman, who are expected to be well among the top teams this season.

Recreio will again be without the two Gosnolls, Luigi and Eddie, and bowler "Spotty" Pereira in their match against Army South. Theirs will be a much more youthful side than they have had in years.

Although the odds are that the Recreio XI will not be able to stand up to the Army XI in this match and probably to a number of other teams this year, their attitude of taking in new blood into the side is a commendable one.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

University v. Scorpions
Navy v. Police
Optimists v. KCC
Army North v. R.A.F.

Second Division

IRC "A" v. University
KCC v. DBS
R.A.F. v. KGV

TOMORROW

Second Division

IRC "B" v. Dockyard
Army v. Recreio
Police v. Navy

MASKELL SAYS ENGLISH JUNIOR TENNIS STANDARD IS THE BEST YET

By ROY McKELVIE

The English Junior Lawn Tennis Championships have in recent years assumed extra importance because of the increased intensity of official coaching and encouragement. Each year at junior Wimbledon we look for two things: The general level of play, among the best 200 boys and girls in the country, and the international potential of the leading players.

As I was watching the United States Championships at Forest Hills when this year's junior meeting began, I asked Dan Maskell what he thought of the standard. He said: "Without question, the first Monday when all players were on view, was the best I've ever seen."

"The standard of serving, for instance, was astonishingly high. Not enough, however, are volleying, this may be due to the championships being played on hard courts and not grass."

I saw the best boys and girls myself. It is clear that the boys' winner, Gordon Mudge (Devon) and the runner-up, Ray Bennett (Sussex), whom he beat by 6-3, 6-1 in the final, are not quite up to the standard of their immediate predecessors, Bill Knight and Robert Wilson.

NO REFLECTION
It would be most surprising if they were, and is no reflection on the efforts they put into the game.

The LTA have backed Bennett rather than Mudge as a future international, for he has a wide range of good strokes and plays a more modern aggressive game. But other things than strokes make players winners. With his pleasing and determined personality, will make a lot of beating in the senior grade—on hard courts especially.

Ray is a fine, capable and tenacious player, who was beaten by Mudge, and of course, by his own brother, Gordon Mudge, in the final. Mudge's persistence in the length of shot, Bennett's drive, and the fact that he is now just a good county player at 18.

ONLY 15

Both girls finalists are only 15 and have two more years' tennis training, probably, before more than any girl in the country. Her great weakness is backhand, unusual in a player who has very little hope of survival in senior tennis.

Slightly fewer girls than boys received "official" notice. Such among them were Milla Trueman (Devon), aged 13, and D. M. Carr (Sussex), aged 14, and a left-hander, and the top A. Piers (Hampshire), who was a double champion of the 12 Stammers.

While you play...

You've no time to think until after the game is over that your engine may have been committing slow suicide all the time it was cooling after it had been stopped! No matter how good the gasoline is—even Shell gasoline—water containing CORROSIVE ACIDS is formed when it burns. Those acids and the water can eat the cylinder walls and piston rings away. Research has proved that corrosion is the major cause of engine wear. Shelline Shell X-100 Motor Oil prolongs engine life by neutralising the major cause of engine wear.

ALKALINE
SHELL X-100 MOTOR OIL
FIGHTS CORROSIVE ACID WEAR



SOUTH AMERICANS CALL HIM THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE WORLD

The title "the bravest man in the world" conjures up all sorts of dare-devil professions, from wall-of-death cycling to tightrope walking over Niagara. But for South Americans it applies to a quiet-spoken brewery salesman from Yorkshire. His name is Arthur Ellis, who, when not selling beer, referees football matches.

In May last year Mr Ellis said good-bye to his wife and two sons to become the first referee to travel with an England touring side in South America.

That he returned safely to his family and to Halifax may be regarded as a miracle. For he incurred the wrath of 100,000 Argentinian soccer fans, whose blood was at boiling point.

England were playing Argentina. A couple of "incidents" and tempers were soon roused. The crowd goaded the players on. It was a vicious circle, and the biggest soccer riot of all time seemed imminent.

Both sides were spoiling for a fight, the crowd screaming for blood. Then after 24 minutes came a torrential rain. Ellis decided that conditions were unfit for play and abandoned the match.

Ellis was already known as the world's No. 1 referee. But that Argentine decision established him as a man who not only knew how to control football, but who would let nothing influence his decisions.

NOT SURPRISING

It is not surprising, then, that he has been invited to referee the Russia-Hungary match. Neither was it surprising when the verdict of both sides after the match was: "No complaints about the refereeing."

Yet only four months before Ellis had controlled the World Cup clash between Hungary and Brazil when he sent three players off. And that battle continued in the dressing rooms.

Again, many harsh things were said of Ellis. But like the Argentinians, who later invited Ellis to stay on for the season, the Hungarians realised that

Ellis had acted without bias and for the good of the game.

That sums up the 39-year-old cheery-faced Ellis. Like most Yorkshiremen he is blunt. He calls a spade a spade, and a foul a foul, no matter who commits it. But he is not out merely to show who is boss; he simply aims to make the game run as smoothly as possible.

He has been making it do so for 23 years. At 30 he was the youngest man ever to handle an FA Cup Final. He has "whistled" at an Amateur Cup Final, international matches the world over, an Olympic Final and has been a linesman in two World Cup finals.

Yet his path to the top has been anything but smooth. It began with a setback. At sixteen, Arthur, mad keen on soccer, joined his local club, Wakeley, which played in a Halifax league.

He started off as a reserve, and remained a reserve. If a player were unfit a replacement was brought in, but not Arthur. Finally the committee told him he just was not good enough.

DETERMINED

Determined to keep in the game somehow, he took up refereeing. He studied the rules, passed an exam and became a grade three official. After six weeks he heard once more the dreadful words: "Sorry, Arthur, you're not good enough."

He was on the point of giving up the game altogether. But to find out what was wrong with his refereeing he raised the matter at a meeting of the

Halifax Referees' Association. It came out that many young officials were not up to standard, so classes were started.

Through these Arthur learned where he had failed. He knew the rules all right, but not how to interpret them. After this refresher course he came back and at 21 was a grade one referee.

A year later, in 1937, he officiated in his first League match, as linesman in a game between York and Darlington. The kick-off was at 6.30. Arthur arrived three hours before! Even with expert Ellis, games have not always run smoothly. In a Cup tie a few seasons ago between Stoke and Blackpool everything went wrong.

"No matter how hard I tried," says Ellis, "things happened which I didn't see. They were mainly off-side incidents - and before long the crowd was calling and telling me to get back to Halifax."

"When I told you I disallowed five Stoke goals you can guess what sort of mood the crowd was in."

In a war-time game, he forgot the coin. He told the captains, and they agreed on the choice of ends without tossing up.

WISEST DECISION

One of his wisest decisions was taken off field. During the freeze-up of 1947 Burnley had a Cup match against Middlesbrough. The ground was ice-bound and was not passed fit for playing until twenty minutes before the kick-off.

The gates were opened. But 50,000 people were waiting. Too many to pass through the turnstiles in twenty minutes. Having waited hours in the cold they might have rushed the gates and caused another Bolton disaster (in 1948 when 37 spectators were killed and over 500 injured).

Ellis foresaw this and delayed the game forty minutes. Arthur Ellis sticks to his decisions. But once he was disobeyed, and could do nothing about it. Refereeing a preliminary FA Cup tie he warned a trainer who ran up and down the touch line instructing his players. Receiving the warning the trainer handed his sponge to an assistant, jumped the railings into the crowd and carried on his coaching as an ordinary spectator.

—(London Express Service).

HAT TRICK FOR RONNIE MOORE

Ronnie Moore, 21-year-old speedway rider from Tasmania, last week won the British Match Race Championship and so completed a whirlwind hat trick.

In twelve days he has won the World title, at Wembley, the British Match Race Championship and led Wimbledon to an overwhelming League victory which gave them the National League title.—(London Express Service).

STAN McCABE will be best remembered as the Australian batsman whose exploits against the shock attack of Larwood and Company won for him a place among the immortals of cricket. In this article—the first of a series of three—he says:

Australia Will Win The Ashes, But The Tests Will Be Close

The strange malaise known as "Test Fever" will shortly reach epidemic proportions. I'm an early victim. No doubt that's why, in a spirit of prophecy, I am encouraged to forecast that Australia will win the cricket Tests and regain the mythical "Ashes."

My forecast is based upon close assessment of the respective merits of the best available cricketers of both countries, and after having closely followed the fortunes of England during the West-Indies tour and against Pakistan.

I concede that there are three players of really outstanding merit in the team selected for the Australian tour. These are Len Hutton, a truly great batsman, Alec Bedser, a tower of strength as a bowler, and Godfrey Evans, the wicket-keeper.

But three scintillating stars don't make a firmament! So having paid this tribute to the capabilities of the players named, I still think that the Australian round-up will be better balanced in its components, better equipped in the matter of Test temperament, and better graced with the spirit of adventure that wins cricket contests.

GENERAL REGRET

There is general regret in Australia that Trueman was not chosen and many good judges of cricket hold the opinion that, on merit, he should have been selected. No doubt the selectors passed him over for their own good reasons; but, from all accounts he is a colourful character, both on and off the field, and the opportunity to see him in action is something we were anticipating with a great deal of pleasure.

Dynamic personalities on the cricket field are far too few. They attract the crowds. At times, they provide ammunition for the barrackers and enliven the spirit of the occasion.

Trueman, in fact, is just the type of controversial player the cricket-loving public likes to see—and to judge for themselves. His omission is regretted on that account.

A warm welcome awaits Yorkshire bowler, Bob Appleby. We've read about his falling health, his temporary disappearance from cricket, and his amazing and courageous comeback. These are qualities we admire. We salute and greet him on that account.

The merits of the visiting team will be discussed later; but there's a quick round-up of up-and-coming Australians, who will be little known to readers abroad, yet could well make the grade in some of the Tests.

Who will partner Arthur Morris as an opening batsman? Macdonald met with little success in England, but he put up excellent performances in last season's Sheffield Shield matches and his qualities as a sound and reliable opener are such that he must be regarded seriously.

Failing Macdonald, we have three newcomers who are logical aspirants for this position. They are Ron Briggs, of New South

Wales, Les Favell, of South Australia, and Hallebone, of Victoria.

On performance last year, Ron Briggs stands out as having the brightest chance. It was late last season before he made the grade in Sheffield Shield matches, when he opened with Morris and they made 158 runs against South Australia before they were separated.

He then climaxed the season with four century partnerships in seven games, including an individual knock of 130. He is a stubborn bat, rather than a stylish one, and is inclined to pull away from the bumping ball; but with the rule prohibiting persistent bumpers he will prove hard to dislodge.

SEEMS CERTAIN

It seems certain that Gil Langley will remain as Australia's No. 1 wicket-keeper. He lacks the brilliance of England's Godfrey Evans, is seldom stylish or spectacular; but is unquestionably dogged and efficient. If anyone nudges him out during the Test series, it may be Wally Grout, of Queensland, who produced some dazzling form last season and must be regarded as a potential Test aspirant.

I mentioned Favell as a possible opener with Morris; but if he misses out in this position he may well find a place lower down in the batting order. Formerly of New South Wales,

Turpin's First Opponent, May Be Brian Anders

Randolph Turpin's first opponent in his comeback bid may be Brian Anders. A 25-year-old from Brighton, Anders is the Southern Area Cruiserweight Champion.

He is a stablemate of three champions, flyweight Jake Tull, lightweight Joe Lucy, and cruiserweight Alex Buxton.

It is Buxton's title, incidentally, that Turpin has his eyes on. The former middleweight held the Empire cruiserweight crown. He won it in 1952 from Don Cockell. He also took the British title from Cockell but had to relinquish it because no fighter is allowed to hold two British titles simultaneously. —(London Express Service).

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